

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXI—No. 10

LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 7, 1909

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116 North Broadway, Los Angeles.
Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter. Telephone: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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OSWALD'S WRETCHED DISCLOSURES

READING the brutally frank, coldly dispassionate, ugly story told by Nicholas D. Oswald, of the grafting alliance made by him with ex-Mayor Harper, former Police Commissioner Sam Schenck, former Chief of Police Edward J. Kern, and the suspended Police Captain Thomas H. Broadhead, the average citizen marvels inwardly how it came about that the principals, Harper and Kern, escaped indictment at the hands of a special grand jury and only Schenck and Broadhead were cited. If the evidence proved anything at all, it spelled guilt, in unmistakable letters, of all four faithless officials, and the miserable quartet should be receiving undivided attention from the public prosecutor at this time.

That Oswald is telling the truth nobody doubts, but the fellow himself is so unspeakable that his testimony is likely to be riddled by the able counsel for the defendant, Broadhead, unless the corroborative evidence is overwhelming. Among other delectable sworn statements made by Oswald on the witness stand Wednesday was a conversation which he had with the perfidious mayor, to the effect that he, Harper, would "look out" for the newspapers and have a conference with the representatives, with the idea of having them endorse the plan of an exclusive "crib" district—which was to be controlled by the precious quintet; the spoils to be distributed in accordance with agreement. But the newspapers, although in ignorance of the shameful alliance, were not of a unit in favor of the establishment of the district, owing to the bad odor caused by the Ballerino cribs, so that crazy move failed.

We made personal response to that call for a "conference" and can testify to the efforts of the wily city executive to get his segregation plan endorsed. On its face it is the best disposition of the social evil the city can make under present conditions, but it must be free of all taint of official corruption. That Mayor Harper was in secret relations with the men—no, hardly that—behind the project was far from the thoughts of those who, in good faith, attended that meeting. Such a plane of depravity on the part of the executive was too remote a possibility to enter the minds of any newspaper man present.

But the lust for money was in the blood of

the five conspirators, if the story of Oswald is true, and the plans to get rich off the earnings of fallen women went ahead. If the latter failed to rent quarters at an exorbitant figure of their official landlords and plied their illicit trade elsewhere, they were promptly arrested and heavily fined, as the law directs. If they were tenants of the "protected" district, they were immune!

Could any scheme be more dastardly, more depraved than this? It betokens a depth of degradation that no man having red blood in his veins can contemplate without having an intolerable itching to put behind the penitentiary bars the contemptible scamps engaged in this wretched business. If Broadhead and Schenck have to pay the penalty, we hope their guiltier, because more responsible, associates will have to accompany them north.

FLIMFLAMMING THE PEOPLE

TIME to take stock has arrived. With an agreement reached between the President and the conferees, on the tariff bill, the country is clamorous to know what the net result is to the consumers. A gold brick! Stripped of all buncombe, relieved of all persiflage concerning the mighty influence wielded by Taft and his "unyielding position," truth is the people again have been flimflammed and the revision downward that the Republican platform tentatively pledged, and Mr. Taft definitely promised, amounts to so little that beyond the slight moral victory attained by halting the standpatters, the advantages gained are of a negligible quantity.

For ten years or more the people have been bled by the protected trusts to such an extent that the cost of living has nullified all the benefits of so-called prosperous times. The Dingley tariff, in operation all this time, has an average rate of duty of 43 per cent, the highest of any commercial nation, and this perversion of the protective system—for there was no need of such high schedules, our infant industries having all grown to be well-set-up adults—has simply resulted in the creation of a lot of multi-millionaires, who have grown rich at the expense of the people. Under the pretense of protecting struggling factories, that American labor might profit, a privileged class has been fostered that has fastened itself like a monstrous leech on the body politic, sucking its heart's blood.

Now, after years of pampering, these protected trusts, loath to let go, are found insisting that the country does not need revision downward, and their enormous wealth and influence have been so artfully extended that the new tariff bill, which purports to be a concession to popular demand, is, in reality, a slight tilt upward. Experts say the aggregate schedules will show an advance of about 1.75 over the Dingley average of 43 per cent, thus making the average rate of duty of nearly 45 per cent. Not only will this work additional hardship on the consumers, but by shutting out the free raw materials, it will, necessarily, close the foreign markets to our manufactured goods, already hampered for lack of scope.

It is a sorry business. Mr. Taft we believe to be sincere in his desire to lower the schedules, but his silence, until the senate finished its traitorous work, left the ten insurgent Republicans without the moral support an earnest message of protest, such as the country had a right to expect from him, would have supplied. Instead, he held aloof until the bill was returned for conference, and then he made it clear that the duties on a few articles would have to be materially changed or a veto would be forthcoming. But the standpatters in the senate had counted on making certain concessions, and, although they pretended to resist all demands, the alleged battle was more or less a sham, quite as Senator Bailey alleges.

Senator Bristow of Kansas, one of the earnest

ten progressivists or insurgents, with a note of sorrow in his voice, declares that practically no reduction has been obtained. In declining to support the bill returned to the senate for approval, Mr. Bristow is quoted as saying:

As a Republican senator, I will not be a party to placing Mr. Taft in the most embarrassing position in which it is possible for a President to be placed: that is, to require him either to sign a bill that is not what was promised the people, or to compel him to repudiate the action of a majority of his party in both branches of congress by a veto. He has, in substance, appealed to this congress to keep faith with the people, but, in effect, it is a bill to ignore that appeal. I love the President. He has honored me with his friendship. I am devoted to the welfare of his administration, and, for one, I will never vote to send him a bill for approval that is a violation of his party's pledges, and which is also, in my opinion, fundamentally wrong and in many of its details iniquitous. I set up no standard for other senators. Every man should vote as his conscience and judgment dictate. But I would be recreant to my duty as a senator and unfaithful to the people who sent me here to represent them, and I cannot do it.

This is the utterance of an honest man, a man with a conscience. It echoes the sentiment uppermost in the minds of every American citizen who has studied the iniquitous workings of the high tariff system and is not subsidized. Much has been said about the benefits accruing to California by reason of the new bill. It is as if we had been thrown a bone by the beef-eating monopolists with the injunction, "Here, gnaw on this, and keep still!" If the low tariffs of 1857 again were in force, under which the country prospered as never before or since, California would not be in the humiliating position of seeing her delegation in congress trading the state's honor for a mess of pottage. There will come a day of reckoning for the stultified Republican party, however. The country, just as the Springfield Republican observes, "has been gaining a clearer knowledge of the real nature of this policy of protection as it now finds application, and it is beginning to feel humiliated that the genius and activity of its statesmanship can find no better test and no better occupation than is afforded at feeding time by almost any swineherd who has a considerable drove on his hands." Two years hence the people will be heard from in reprisal at the congressional elections.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE SEEMS CERTAIN

WILMINGTON, having signified her approval of the political union with Los Angeles, there remains only a similar demonstration by San Pedro to complete the triple alliance that means so much to the future of all three cities interested. From the mountains to the sea, in one unbroken line, will be the Greater Los Angeles of a few years hence, with a population of a million and an aggregation of capital that shall place the Southern Metropolis in the van of California cities for wealth, business and beautiful homes.

In this proud position Wilmington and San Pedro, by reason of the amalgamation, will have place and in the millions which Los Angeles will pour into her ocean front for harbor improvements the inner and outer ports will reap rich reward for their acquiescence in the consolidation movement. By a vote of 13,661 in favor, as against 221 in the negative, Los Angeles signified her overwhelming desire for the merger, while Wilmington, by a majority of forty per cent, proved her faith in the alliance. Nor will the tide-water city have cause to repent her action.

San Pedro citizens, we feel certain, will clinch the project by an approving vote next week. Although the outcome is regarded by Chairman Stoddard Jess of the consolidation committee as certain to be in the affirmative, the good work of proselytizing will go on with unabated vigor until the polls open next Thursday. With the accomplishment of the movement, Los Angeles is

obligated to call an election for the voting of bonds for harbor improvement purposes. San Pedro will hardly want to be disregarded in this important particular.

IDENTITY OF TWO "OLIVES" MIXED

WRITING in the San Francisco Town Topics, on the subject of "Nudity on the Stage," Mr. Robert McTavish falls into an amazing error. Quoting from a book published by Olive Logan, forty years ago, entitled "Women and the Stage," he prefaces his remarks by gravely telling us that we may not recognize the name of the author, Olive Logan. "She became," he says, "Olive Schreiner afterward, and under the nom de plume of Ralph Iron wrote a novel that will long remain a classic—"The Story of an African Farm!"

Mr. McTavish never was more mistaken in his life. Poor Olive Logan was born in Elmira, N. Y., in 1839, and after a varied career as an actress, in which society melodramas were her metier, she took to the lecture stage and later became a newspaper correspondent and author. She died in an English asylum or "mad-house" last April, at the age of seventy, without funds and apparently without friends. The Graphic commented at length on her varied career at the time.

Olive Schreiner, on the contrary, was born in Basutoland, South Africa, in 1865, and was still in her teens when she startled the conventional English world of letters by her "Story of an African Farm," a powerful series of imperfectly finished pictures of life on a Boer farm, and of the spiritual problems and struggles that rend an inquiring soul. "Dreams" and "Trooper Peter Halket" followed, but they in nowise measured up to her first brilliant piece of work. Since her marriage to Mr. Cronwright (1894) Olive Schreiner's pen has been employed chiefly in writing on polemical problems, and in those controversial subjects the literary following she once aroused has evinced little interest. Miss Schreiner, or Mrs. Cronwright, is living with her husband at Cape Colony, and, doubtless, would be heartily amused to know that she wrote "Woman and the Stage" in 1869, when she was four, under the pen name of Olive Logan. Mr. McTavish has another Scotch guess coming.

IN BEHALF OF POETS AND POETRY

IN ENGLAND, as in America, the reading public seems to take so little interest in poetry that an organization has been formed in London, known as the Poetry Recital Society, whose avowed object is to stimulate the jaded appetite in poesy, to assist poetic talent in attaining publicity, to bring together lovers of poetry by the formation of local reading centers, in which a study and discussion of the art and mission of poetry may be profitably followed. It is aimed to establish lectureships, to publish an organ, to offer premiums for poetry and in various other ways to arouse the public to a sense of what it is missing by its apathy toward that which Plutarch quotes Simonides as classifying as "speaking painting," as distinguished from painting, which he called silent poetry.

These efforts may help, of course, but the time to instill a lasting love for poetry in the individual is to begin in early youth. The schools, public and private, and the reading circle at home, are the places to sow the seed for an after appreciation of poetry that shall never be eradicated. "Evangeline" and "In Memoriam," "Lady of the Lake," "Miles Standish's Courtship" and other good old "pieces," with which the youngsters are fed, are excellent in their way, but it is not with these "heavies" that we should expect to inoculate the youth with an abiding passion for poetry. Rather would we lead up to the more enduring poetic taste by having short poems of beauty read aloud at a certain hour—the poet's hour—the selection of which we would place in the hands of a genuine lover of poetry, engaged especially for this purpose.

By beginning at the lower grades and gradually working up to the high school mentalities, by the time the pupil is ready for college or the school of life he or she should be so well grounded in the gems of English poesy—in those in the Anglo-Saxon tongue—that a discriminating taste for the best would be bred and a love for it implanted that the vicissitudes of life in the great

world could not wholly remove. Of course, there would be a certain percentage of the scholars upon whose ears poetry would fall with meaningless phrases, presenting no mental pictures, arousing no imaginative qualities; that is inevitable. But to a majority of minds a constant association with the nobler forms of poetry would leave a lasting impression, softening the asperities and exalting the fancies as nothing else could. It was Pope who declared that—

By heaven and heaven alone
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

This is, in a measure, true of the poets themselves. But only a small fraction of mankind ever become poets. The argument here used is for a better appreciation of poetry, and to this end we contend that a more systematic method of instilling a desire for such is certain, were the school system throughout the country elevated to a true conception of the value of this art in the minds of our plastic youth.

It is undoubtedly true that poetry, per se, finds little favor in the eyes of the average publisher, who must see sure returns for the mechanical cost before undertaking the venture. How one ingenious poet found the means to circumvent his publisher came within our ken recently. In reviewing Barr Moses' story of "Dreaming River," a well-known Los Angeles writer called attention to the numerous poetic fancies interspersed, and hazarded the guess that the author must have had a large stock on hand that he was anxious to unload. This shrewd observation drew from Mr. Moses the following letter, which The Graphic is permitted to publish. It is dated Alexandria, Minn., and reads:

Your suggestion that I had a large supply of poems to work off, is more or less true, except that I didn't invent the poet for the purpose, but after I had him invented was struck with the opportunity which he offered. But the best part of it is the success of the ruse. I couldn't sell the same verses to the magazines, I know, because I have tried. If the poems had been published by themselves or with enough others to make a thin volume, you and about forty-six other of the fifty reviewers whose opinions I have so far read would have ignored the book, or published merely the name, the price, the author and the publisher, and the other three would have remarked in half a dozen lines that the book was negligible. As it is, the book is in the second edition in six weeks; of the fifty reviews, some running up to a column and a half in length, only one is decidedly unfavorable, and some of the reviewers are saying of the verses: "Beautiful little gems in a no less beautifully-wrought setting," and similarly pleasant things. Now, do you not perceive that you should hail me—whether as a poet or a novelist doesn't matter—as a discoverer or inventor of that much-needed aid in the literary world, a new and successful method of marketing verse? And inventors are not without honor, whatever poets may be.

Is it true that only women read poetry nowadays? If so, more honor to their discernment. What a poor world it would be if all the beautiful, poetic creations, since Homer and Sappho sang, were obliterated. We hope the Poetry Recital Society of England will find imitators on this side of the Atlantic, but still more do we hope that directors of poetry will be added to our public school faculties, in much the same way that art instructors and singing teachers are employed.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON LAUDS THE WEST

IN APOSTROPHIZING the west as he did at Seattle last Tuesday, Minnesota Day, when the bronze bust of James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, was unveiled on the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition grounds, Governor John A. Johnston of the Beaver State argued that it is time the west threw off the shackles of the east and claimed as its due that fair share of influence in the halls of congress and in the administration of national affairs to which it is entitled by every law of common sense, as well as of political economy. We particularly approve his denunciation of the foolish navigation laws that have killed our shipping. On this vital subject, which deeply interests the Pacific coast, the governor remarked:

Fifty years of national folly in the enactment of navigation laws and high protective tariffs have crippled American shipping until over 90 per cent of our Atlantic commerce is carried in foreign bottoms. Notwithstanding this half century of maritime shame, the United States flag floats today over a merchant marine of about 4,000,000 regis-

tered steam tonnage, which carries to the markets of the world nearly 200,000,000 tons of American products. But on what waters float the colors of this merchant marine, and what freight do these American ships carry? One-half of this vessel tonnage is on the great lakes, while the Pacific coast, the great lakes and the Mississippi combined boast nearly 70 per cent of the total. And the freight which it carries consists of the great staple products of the west on their way to eastern and foreign markets—the products of that great army of western yeomen, who demand no fostering hand of the government and ask only that justice and freedom to which they are entitled by natural right under the guaranty of our constitution and our flag.

That is good, straight-from-the-shoulder doctrine which should be pondered, not only by every westerner, but by every citizen having the welfare of the entire nation at heart. The ship subsidy grabbers have been checked, it is true, but the high tariff robbers have only been halted; they are still to feed out of the public trough for another term of years or until the west has become thoroughly aroused to the extent of the fraud practiced in the name of "protection," and learning its strength, arouses in its might and smites the Philistines.

GRAPHITES

There is a familiar ring to the news story emanating from Sacramento to the effect that the Pullman Car Company is up to its old tricks, refusing, as in the past, to make a sworn statement of its business within the state for the purpose of assessment. Here is the story in brief:

In its report to the board the Pullman company represents that the number of cars it used to fill its lines during the year was 92 standard cars and 42 tourist. Against this is the board's report of 142 standard cars and 79 tourist cars, which will make a vast difference in the assessment of the company's property. The board predicated its report upon the number of cars reported daily by the railroad companies. Every day in the year, it seems, the railroads take inventory of the cars within their jurisdiction. But the board was satisfied to take the figures once a week and strike an average.

Owing to the arbitrary assessment which has been forced on the state, year after year, in the absence of definite returns or due to dishonest representations, the corporation is now sixty thousand dollars in arrears for back taxes levied. Is there not a legal way to discipline this arrogant company and compel it to obey the laws of the state?

John P. Irish of San Francisco has reiterated his belief that what California needs above all other requisites to make her people prosperous and happy is a plentiful supply of Japanese labor. The great need of the state, he declares, is rural labor, and observation proves the Japanese to be "the best and most skillful" in this respect. But owing to agitation their numbers are depreciating, he notes, and soon the demand will be far ahead of the supply, as, indeed, it is now. We cannot agree with the Call that if we want to perpetuate an American commonwealth on this coast we must exclude the Japanese, at any cost. That is to acknowledge more than a self-respecting Anglo-Saxon defendant will allow. John P. Irish is denounced as an enemy to American institutions for his views. That is balderdash.

Between Secretary Ballinger and Gifford Pinchot, head of the forestry department, a bitter feud seems to have arisen. Pinchot appears to have overstepped the bounds of his office by giving orders concerning the cutting of timber on the Indian reservations and the protection of great forest fires, which the secretary contends are functions in the exclusive control of the interior department. Technically speaking, Mr. Ballinger may be right; that is, the law and precedent are with him, but the country is with Pinchot, and the many newspaper opinions bearing out this view seem to indicate that public opinion is with the chief of the forestry branch, overwhelmingly. If Secretary Ballinger is desirous of retaining his portfolio, he would better cede to Pinchot all that the latter desires. He is in bad odor with the country for his technical diatribes.

At last we have discovered President Taft's point of view on the tariff. He is quoted as saying that the bill is not a free trade measure—it was not intended to be. The Republican party did not promise to make it so. No. But he, as leader of that party, promised revision downward, which has not been given. The bill as signed by the President is a fraud on the people. It is a humbug.

BROWSEINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

WITH thoughts of the recrudescence of poetry which English worshippers of the muse are striving to bring about, it was perhaps natural that I should stroll over to the Poet's Corner of the Old Book Shop this week, where my eye at once lit upon a delightful little edition of English lyrics, from those of Sir Thomas Wyatt's, of sixteenth century days, with his quaint sonnets to his mistress, to the "Tuimus" of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, whose mingling of humor, wit and pathos renders his dainty vers de societe the most delicate trifles in English metrical genre-painting. For the lover of good poetry who has neither the means nor the book space for complete editions of the English lyrical poets, I can recommend no better collection than this one of Kegan Paul, French & Co., of London, published in 1883. The selections are made with rare discrimination and the explanatory notes, forming an appendix to the work, add greatly to its value.

In what way is an ode distinguished from lyrical poetry may be asked? Edmund Gosse has given an excellent definition. "We take," he says, "as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." A lyric, on the other hand, is a short poem dealing with one thought, essentially melodious in rhythm and structure, and, if a metaphor may be taken from the sister art, a simple air, without progression, variation or accompaniment. In short, it must not be in blank, nor in heroic verse; save in a refrain and as a subtle repetition of the same words gives lyrical impression, as in Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears." It is not so severe in form as the sonnet; the poet's touch is lighter, even when his subject is grave; a dirge like "Lycidas" cannot be accounted such, nor a sustained and lofty poem.

It is the lyric, then, formed as indicated, which this volume presents, and in the enjoyment of its captivating pages it will be noted that many of the greatest poets have left no true lyrics, or none into which they have put their best work. Pope's only examples are a burlesque, an imitation of Horace, written when he was a mere child, and a paraphrase, also from the Latin. Gray affords us none; no adequately characteristic specimen can be culled from Spenser, or more than one or two from Milton, though the former lived so near in time to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, lyrists if any were, and the latter has been fitly termed "inventor of harmonies," so keen was his sense of song.

This collection, then, is in no degree representative of the poets of England in their poetic rank. The aim has been to present in a single volume the perfection of English lyrics by whomsoever written between the dates selected. No living authors are included. Odes, narrative, didactic and ballad poems are excluded. Extracts, being true lyrics from longer poems, also are omitted.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was court poet in the reign of Henry VIII. He escaped the block which fell to the lot of the leader of his party, Thomas Cromwell, but Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, Wyatt's younger contemporary, was not so fortunate. He was sent to the tower in 1547, at the age of thirty-one, condemned by a packed jury, on the most trivial charges, and lost his head and his muse simultaneously. Nicholas Breton was an Elizabethan poet, a prolific and versatile writer of works in prose and verse. He sang of Phyllis and Corydon in fine lyrical style and with true rhythmical instinct. Three examples of his verse are given. One seldom thinks of the swashbuckling Sir Walter Raleigh as a tender poet, and yet his "Shepherd to the Flowers" and his "Dispraise of Love, and Lovers' Follies" evidence a poetic and brilliant imagination, hardly conceivable in a man of his roving and adventurous spirit.

Sir Philip Sydney is better known for his sonnets and songs. He deals with the psychology of love and its refined emotions. Thomas Lodge was a rollicking adventurer who forsook the law for literature. His madrigals are accounted among the finest examples of the early seventeenth century. Christopher Marlowe, dramatic precursor of Shakespeare, lived a wild life and came to an early and unhappy end. His famous

song beginning, "Come live with me and be my love," entitled, "The Passionate Pilgrim to His Love," is a treasure.

Will Shakespeare is represented by a baker's dozen of choice lyrics, comprising those musical gems, "Balthazar's Song," "Fairies' Song," "Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred?" "Ariel's Song," "Who is Silvia?" Amien's two songs, the Jester's songs beginning "O, Mistress Mine" and "Come Away, Come Away, Death," song to Orpheus, that famous Serenade beginning "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," "A Dirge" and "Youth and Age." They are a joy to all lovers of good poetry.

John Donne, gallant and courtier, wit and poet; Ben Johnson, with his charming poem, "To Celia," that great favorite with all singers; Thomas Heywood; Fletcher and Beaumont, the literary partners; Thomas Carew; George Wither; Robert Herrick, prince of lyrists; George Herbert; James Shirley; Edmund Waller; Sir John Suckling; Richard Crashaw; Sir Richard Lovelace; Sir Charles Sedley; Matthew Prior; Oliver Goldsmith; Charles Dibdin; William Blake; Wordsworth; Sir Walter Scott; Coleridge; Robert Southey; Charles Lamb; Thomas Campbell; Thomas L. Peacock; Lord Byron; Shelley; Keats; Thomas Hood and Praed—what a list it is, and how glorious their product. How could any man or woman, in full possession of natural faculties, fail to be inspired and uplifted by a constant study of these song writers of English literature.

MEDITATIONS AT THE SEA SHORE

REVERENTLY paraphrasing the prophet and doubting the wisdom of Long Beach, one gazes at the classy pile of the Virginia and questions, "Can these dry stones live?" Despite the assurance of Squire Drake, lord of the manor, the quiet confidence of Editor Roberts of the Telegram—formerly one of San Francisco's brightest scribes and never a pharisee—and in face of the inimitably suave smile and rare efficiency of mine host, Don Carlos y Stanley, who all whisper, "Come back in December, when the tourists are ripening, and there is an election, and the Long Hairs will cease from troubling, because even they will not permit their principles to dwarf their pocketbooks," or words to that effect, it seems fated that Long Beach will long remain an unique monument to the uncharitable vagaries of the reformed performers.

Quarrying, the other day, for a pure-food lemonade along "the Pike," I turned to three old women in masculine attire, who were eagerly discussing Evelyn Thaw or her latest hapless mimic, as depicted in one of the "great religious journals" hereabouts. Bowing respectfully, I said, as one would address a German officer of the peace, "Is it permitted to smoke a cigarette on the streets of Long Beach?" "Smoke all you want, young man." "Ha, ha," I mused, "these gray hairs of mine deceive everyone except myself," and, then, as the cigarette flamed and fumed gaily, I ventured further:

"Well, excuse my ignorance, but every visitor should promptly be armed, at the W. C. T. U.'s expense, with a blue-lettered copy of your one thousand and one green ordinances. Only this morning I escaped arrest narrowly for singing by the sad sea waves" (some of my family would endorse the warrant!) "And, again, an omnipotent and ubiquitous guardian of the public morals objected violently to my tying my pony to an altogether obvious, innocent, safe and sane hitching post. Now, for the present at least, I wish to escape the comforts of that boon solitude which your municipal calaboose affords—charming host and entertainer though already I have found your chief of police to be. But I do not know all the terrors of this preternaturally tight town. I have discovered that although your Long Beach water is not all it is cracked up to be, even when frapped, and by no means as magnetic as the undertow of your tides, yet even an honest man is not allowed an honest glass of beer."

"Be clean, young man, be clean!" the three sages cried in one accord and in lugubrious concert.

"Gentlemen," I murmured, "gentlemen, is not that rather personal? Alas, no longer does a pretty Hallelujah lass inquire for my soul—O, shade of Edna May. But, for an ugly impertinence, commend me to your Long Beach manners and immorals—and to a stranger within your narrow and straight gates! Sirs, I assure you—my boys and I swam the 1500-foot distance of the Bay City pier this morning and then, moreover, we immersed ourselves in the Phil Stanton showers of sulphur, so painfully reminis-

cent of the noxious odor of an indifferent egg before breaking fast. But an application of Mrs. Webb's school directors' soap and a few drops of listerine—to say nothing of a pony of Scotch on the side—removed all taint. Now, gentlemen, you have not shaved for many moons. I'll bet you have sand in your whiskers, in your eyes, ears and nostrils, and I'll stake my own cleanliness against yours—even though I may take 'a little wine for the stomach's sake,' as long as I am wise enough to remain in a truly free country."

Alas, the three sages thought themselves insulted. They spat nicotine long and loud, thus rudely defiling the sidewalk and transgressing Long Beach Ordinance 9999. Then they began to talk about the clam crop and the stimulating properties of Worcestershire sauce!

What is the difference between a pharisee and a hypocrite? Well, at least the pharisee is sincere in expressing his own sanctity and his condemnation of his neighbor. He may have beams, but to himself his vision is moteless.

With Colonel Schreiber commanding, the Seventh regiment broke camp from Bay City last Saturday morning, July 31, the various companies entraining in perfect order and with splendid dispatch. Our patriotic press, which publishes Eagle Screams verbatim every fifth of July, likewise long lists of the killed and wounded, paid this significant service of the National Guard scant notice. Yet, there was not a man in camp who had not made a personal sacrifice, and who had not worked, without a penny, hard and faithfully. Every editor, every merchant and manufacturer, and every preacher in Southern California should have witnessed the call to arms after "taps," Thursday, July 29. Three battalions left the camp without a light, without an unnecessary sound. Within ten minutes they had marched half a mile and were in position, waiting the word of command to fire upon the imaginary enemy, attacking Alamitos Bay. An hour later, every man had a chance at least to be sound asleep in his own tent. Meanwhile, and with a most creditable precision and speed, the signal corps had done its intricate work, having laid telephone wires so that the officers of each battalion could talk with the field marshal, with each other and with headquarters. No wonder Colonel Bullard of the Eighth infantry smiled with satisfaction, and heartily congratulated Schreiber and his men.

But does not the manager of a public service corporation, who denies an employe the opportunity to go out for two weeks' training in the National Guard, deserve the exposure due him? Now, this happened a year ago, but is sufficiently significant and still common. A commissioned officer in the Seventh regiment applied to his chief, the manager of one of the biggest public service corporations in this state, for two weeks' leave, in order that he might attend the maneuvers at Atascadero. The captain was denied. Rather than disappoint his men and be faithless to his idea of duty, the captain resigned his commission—not in the National Guard, but in the selfish public service corporation.

Another vital incident in the true development of today's California almost escaped notice at the hands of the local press. Forty-four brave, lithe, splendidly exercised and disciplined boys passed through the City of the Angels two weeks ago. Already, they had marched five hundred miles in six weeks, in perfect order, without a sign of serious sickness. The biggest of them was sixteen years and a half, and the smallest ten years old. The latter, the littlest of them all, had tramped his thirty-two miles in one day's march, far too proud and too well trained ever to dream of the band wagon, which contained the instruments of the Columbia Park Boys' Club. The greatest organizers in the world, of course, are behind the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco, but it is non-sectarian. When they pitched their tents in Santa Barbara for three days, nobody cared how many lads went up to the Old Mission and how many went down to the sea to swim.

Nor does this summer's demonstration of this uplifting work end here. Another little company of half a hundred lads, many of them dragged from San Francisco's direst depths but now transformed into God-fearing gentlemen, has sailed across the Pacific, earning its passage by singing, playing and acting, besides enjoying an invaluable (also priceless) experience in viewing the kingdom of heaven not as the preachers tell us it is, but even as God made it and preserves it. By this time El Camino Real Company must have reached its journey's end in San Diego, and let us all hope they will be Coronado-ed!

Hotel Virginia.

R. H. C.

Poliuto on City Politics

IT IS CERTAIN the best man will win in the coming municipal election if—

Before going into this interesting subject, however, let us get down to first principles. The majority of men whom I meet shake their heads and declare that the new election law is a puzzler. They are mistaken. A child can understand it.

First, the people themselves will go to the polls and nominate the candidates, thus saving Mr. Parker the aggravation of holding a convention to do it. In the booth the voter will find that his ticket is simplicity itself. For example, he first will desire to vote for the mayoralty candidate of his choice. He will find "For Mayor" printed at the head of the first column. Under it he will discover all names of aspirants who have complied with the primary law requirements. None of these will be designated as a Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, Socialist or otherwise. It will be merely a single column of names. The voter will place a cross after the one which best suits him. He will do the same in all other columns, such as auditor, assessor, clerk, city attorney and councilmen.

Result: The two names in each column receiving the greatest number of votes will be the candidates by this simple process of elimination through majority vote. If the elector does not find the name which suits him in the column, he may write that name in a blank space. According to the city charter, there can be no other means of nomination. Then the actual election will be held, with but two candidates in each column, save that each voter will ballot for nine councilmen. Take your choice of these pairs; there will be no party designations attached to either.

Does it strike Mr. Citizen that it will be his fault if clean, able and honest officials are not chosen? For the first time in Los Angeles history, a voter must study the personal fitness of aspirants for office or be forced to ballot blindly. This will be especially true in case of councilmanic candidates, for a citizen is entitled to vote for all nine this time. Someone must have turned in a general alarm for ward racers. The outpouring of applicants for a seat in the council chamber seems to be general. From the side lines it is assuming the appearance of a battle royal. At least fifty candidates already are in the paddock, and but few of the stables have been opened at that.

In the First ward, to which Dromgold, of staunch playground fame owes allegiance, good material is lining up. The councilmanic incumbent will not run again, but Charles H. Randall, editor of the Highland Park Herald and father of the arroyo boulevard proposition, Los Angeles to Pasadena, probably will be put in the running by friends. S. C. Wing, the real estate man, is being considered, while Carl Packard's name has been heard. A strong movement is on foot there to induce W. J. Washburn, the capable banker, to accept nomination. It occurs to me that he would be a tower of strength to the city council, which has consolidation, harbor and water problems on hand.

"Never again," says Ed Clampitt, councilman from the Second ward. "If I had known what I was going up against, a Mogul engine could not have dragged me into the council chamber. I never knew there were so many broke politicians in the world before. Hereafter, I will stick to the good, old, oil well." But citizens of the same neighborhood are endeavoring to get Charles Off, another oil operator, into the race. In addition, there are W. A. Varcoe, Milton Canfield, Dr. E. P. Hilliker and G. R. Johnson. A. A. Bailey, a fixture at the court house, who aids the machine by organizing an "improvement" club, just previous to elections, also would like to get into the race. Perhaps the most prominent man under consideration is Miles Gregory, secretary of the Union League and foreman of the grand jury which brought indictments against certain municipal officials recently.

In the opinion of many persons, the city lost a valuable servant when D. K. Edwards retired from the board of public works. The Third ward is endeavoring to remedy this by landing Mr. Edwards in the council chamber. He and W. J. Washburn certainly would make a capital team. But there is more heavy artillery in this ward which may be drawn to the fore. The name of Sidney A. Butler, head of the good roads move-

ment, is mentioned as a likely candidate. R. B. Williamson, an old-timer in politics, also is in the race, while Sidney Hiller, a former councilman, may be an aspirant. He will have the backing of the "push" if he enters.

Niles Pease will not be a candidate in the Fourth ward. E. C. Bellows, formerly counsel general to Japan, has been suggested. He has since made his home here. F. J. Whiffen, an old-timer, is on the list, while C. O. Hawley and P. W. Powers are possibilities. Powers ran for mayor once upon a time, but was defeated by Snyder. He has not since re-entered politics. He has many friends in the Union League Club. I shall review the list of eligibles—and otherwise—in my next illuminating contribution.

POLIUTO.

MADAM LIPSIN IN "THE WILD GIRL"

Remarkable Work of This Wonderful Actress on the Yiddish Stage in New York

CASUAL visitors to New York must not neglect the Yiddish Theater. If they have not seen Madam Lipsin or Kessler they have something in store for them that will furnish food for thought for many days. Sunday afternoons and evenings these two usually play together on the Bowery in the Thalia Theater, when they seem to be at home among their own people. The foreign tongue is not troublesome. The man in the next seat will interpret, or will translate verbatim as the play progresses, but after the characters are introduced and the situation disclosed no interpreter is necessary, for the vividness of the acting and the force of the play carry one along, and the emotions of the impressionable audience transfer themselves like something electric. On the Bowery people are alive. They tingle with the stress of their emotions. They cannot look and listen impassively. They respond like a sensitive violin to the art of the player. In strong situations there is always an undercurrent of sound in the theater that, as the interest rises, grows in volume like the surging of water; it dies and swells again with a tenseness that gives the mimic thing on the stage a force of reality that is astonishing to the ordinary theatergoer. With these people the play is the thing. In the week-day melodrama they are used to hissing the villain and applauding the noble sentiments of the hero, and their appreciation of art is in direct ratio to the sense of reality conveyed.

The players do not need the center of the stage and the help of an applauding mob. Madam Lipsin gives the whole of one of her big scenes in a corner of the stage, partly hidden by a stove, and holds her audience breathless, quite regardless of the effect upon her complexion of the light of a green shaded lamp falling full upon her face; and another, a scene of hysteria, which demands great reserve power, she plays with the stage full of moving people. Stage management on the American stage is far different. As a rule, when one person speaks the others must keep still. But there seems to be an objection to keeping in the same position for any length of time, and at intervals the players must cross right or cross left, whether there is any logical reason for moving or not. There is a fear that the restless American will get nervous if the stage picture is not frequently changed, and so a weak situation often is bolstered up with meaningless movements, yet if a situation is strong it will hold whether there is any motion or not. On one occasion I saw Fernanda Eliscu in a one-act play called "The Sisters." She was playing in Yiddish, in the Kalish Theater, where she succeeded Madam Kalish when she became a Broadway star. Miss Eliscu, except for a short walk of about ten steps, played the whole scene in one position which she assumed on her entrance, and the audience was thrilled by her performance. One day, if she is not spoiled, Miss Eliscu will be one of our great actresses. She accomplished great things in the stage management of that theater. Before she went there it was not customary for the actors to be letter perfect. The prompter read out loud, so that his voice could be heard in a monotone all through the performance. Miss Eliscu changed that and gave thoroughly artistic performances.

Perhaps the most interesting play in the repertoire of Madam Lipsin is "The Wild Girl." It would scarcely be possible to stage this play on Broadway, certainly not without modification. Indeed, it would hardly be possible to translate it into English. To tell the story is to give the impression of melodrama and yet the play is vividly realistic, gives the most intense impression of life, and none of the "effects" take place on the stage within sight of the audience. Situation follows situation where the demand is so great

that most actresses would have saved themselves throughout the play in order to compass a single one. Madam Lipsin presents them as a matter of course. It is astounding to see her surpass herself. Each time she reaches high water mark it seems as if she could never attain it again, and yet the next moment she does the seemingly impossible. She is not a pretty woman; indeed she seems to be hampered physically, when one stops to think about it. She appears to have a slight limp, and she does not dress artistically, but during her performance one does not consider such trifling details. The scene of "The Wild Girl" is, for the first and last act, the dooryard of a farm house. Rabbits, chickens and a cat disport themselves over the landscape; a buggy is driven up to the fence and visitors come. The girl seems to be about sixteen years old; she is blooming with the health, strength and vigor that should come with out-of-door life.

In the next act the scene shifts to the interior of the house. Six months have elapsed, and it is winter. The girl has changed. She is no longer happy and care free; she is worried and depressed. Her father has determined, through the offices of the village matchmaker, to marry her to a widower much older than herself, with a household of children. The thought of it has been driving the girl wild and as matters approach a crisis it comes out that she has been betrayed by her sister's husband, who has taken advantage of her with false promises. She cannot submit to the will of her father. In spite of her opposition, he continues to prepare the papers for signing. At the last moment she refuses and her father, in a drunken fury, seizes and beats her. She is dragged from the stage, the sound of shrieks and blows is heard, the door bursts open and she flies across the stage with her shoulder bleeding and her dress torn. The brutality of it makes an American shudder, and yet I have seen an American actor so carried away by the scene and its reality that he jumped from his seat with the cry, "If he strikes her again I will kill him." The brutal treatment causes the premature birth of her child. When the father is told of what has happened, still drunken and more than ever frenzied, he seizes the child and rushes across the stage, dragging the girl as she clutches his coat. He casts her off and through the window she sees him throw the child into the mill race. She can do nothing to save it.

Several months later we see the girl again, and another change has come over her. Her mind is gone. There is the strong body as it was in the first act, but the light is out. She is absolutely vacant, so vacant that she cannot even shrink from her father. He has come to his senses with a realization of what he has done, and the overwhelming desire to undo it. She lets him caress her, but that is all, she neither responds nor does she repulse him. In doing some little household task that is mechanical to her, she passes near the well and looks into the water. A glimmer of intelligence comes, then memory suddenly awakes and she sees in retrospect all that has happened. The brother-in-law stands near her; she fears that the sister will at last find out the secret of her husband's treachery, and all the misery he has caused, and in the stress of the moment she rushes out of the yard and casts herself into the mill race. Of all the emotional plays that I have ever seen, this has perhaps left the strongest impression, possibly because Madam Lipsin is so simple in her acting. She never strives for an effect, she does not have to. Kesler, as the father, remains the impersonation of brutality, tempered with the possibility of reserve and tenderness. Neither of them seems to act. Both are simply transformed for the moment into something other than themselves.

New York, August 2.

ANNE PAGE.

Song

Peace, sweet love!
For the light now has faded;
The sun's glow has died on the hill;
The voice of the day has grown still,
And soft shaded,
The flower cups open to refill.

Sweet love, rest!
For the night now is nearing;
The moon changeth darkness to gold;
The star torches burn as of old,
When, naught fearing,
You lay in my arms' closest fold.

Sweet love, sleep!
For the night wind is moaning,
And earth lieth cool on the breast,
That was fevered and torn with unrest.
Fate atoning,
Hath given thee, beloved, the best.

—L. C.

Mount Wilson: Impressions of a Valley Sojourner

BY DR. F. E. COREY

WHATEVER the Psalmist had in mind when he wrote, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," he must have felt the spirit of the mountains, though he straightway asserts the theocratic idea as if he had been disloyal in the first utterance and appears to have no thought of the cooling shade and limpid streams of their quiet recesses, where strength and peace seem to abide, and where the grandeur of Nature lifts us above the petty and sordid things which form so much of our daily life.

* * *

I have been looking up to the mountains for seven years without knowing what beauty of scene glowed from their cliffs or what refreshment of mind waited for the traveler among their rocks and shady nooks beside their sparkling rills. I have been onto the mountain, but we have to go into the mountains to reach the crown, a fact I did not fully realize till I took the trail for the summit of Mt. Wilson. In a thirsty land, where the clouds refuse to melt all summer long, there is unspeakable delight in a murmuring brook, splashing its crystal drops on the worn granite of its tumbled bed, coming from where, no man knows.

* * *

This is the mystery of the hills. From high up their rugged sides comes the pure, sweet water, an invitation to explore their heights, saying, "Come up from the plain where in dust you travel all day without sight of a cool stream, and drink. Here is life!" But why and how should the mountain be so blessed? Geology will tell, but we are after the spirit, the poetry, and charm which do not thrive on scientific facts. The enthusiasm born above the clouds clings to my words and makes the detail of a journey commonplace and out of harmony with the spiritual uplift which comes to us as we ascend, if we give ourselves to the sacred influences that brood upon Nature's great masterpiece, a lofty mountain.

* * *

The horse, the mule and the stolid burro go up and down the trail; their eyes look out upon the same scenes, they drink of the same stream, they know the path. I could describe it as they see it, but man should see, as did the sacred poet, that help cometh from the hills and in them may be found a sanctuary for the soul. As we tramp the beaten way, let the care, irony and perplexity of the day stay below; they are too heavy and will cripple our feet and bind the wings of inspiration. Be free in God's pure air; look beyond the busy valley, with its fierce contention and strife for material things, to the high hills, great altars on which to immolate the rams and bullocks of our baser nature. Let love expand the confines of our thoughts and heart strings draw our fellow men nearer to the great source of life and hope up from the slavery that shackles the spirit to the material.

* * *

We reach the summit and there, beneath the blue dome of a cloudless sky, look down upon the homes for which men toil and even break the law, so strong is the passion of possession. Its grip is on us all. Come, shake it off or else what good to climb the weary trail? What marvel of creation is this about us, a garden in the sky? A park above the cloud! Forest monarchs of receding ages welcome the visitor with stately mien, as if to say, "We have waited a long time for you to find this temple of the sun. Come worship here!"

* * *

But what has become of the mountain? Here is a little valley where a peak should be, according to the traditions of high places, with soil to make flowers grow. Woods surround it, sheltering from rude winds and bounding the view. Are we dreaming? Have we passed the rock-ribbed canyon to find a farm saved from the devastating elements which usually leave only bleak stone to cap the monuments of nature? Here are paths winding among cottages. Men and women greet us and usher us into a little city. The hotel, with spacious sitting and dining rooms, welcomes its guests and assures the hungry traveler that he is not expected to subsist on scenery alone.

* * *

Such restfulness, such air! So pure and free from the invisible agents of death which the low lands harbor. Water, too, is here for the turning of the tap, fresh from springs fed from hidden sources high up in a far distant ice-bound re-

gion, doubly distilled by the chemistry of cosmic forces which raised the mountain. Wonder of wonders which the arid plain knows not. What gods have peopled this Olympus? Was ever that of Hellas better fitted for the home of spirits? To rest in shaded dells upon a mountain top! Who would dare to think it possible, without the sight? What mighty purpose has the ages held, that sun and rain and whirling storm have left a fertile soil in which great roots take deep hold and vegetation flourishes to make a garden here? Look, yonder is the answer: The great white dome which fair-eyed science has conveyed to this height seeking the God of Day. Where, in all the world, can be found a better site for the great eye whose vision brings down the sun millions of miles?

* * *

I will not ask admittance when entrance is denied. Work on patient toilers, seeking to analyze the sun and map the surface of his burning face. No knock of mine shall distract your labors. My mood is not mechanical. Your enclosure will stifle me, and detail curbs the flight of fancy. I want the whole heavens in which to fly my exaltation and enlarge the bounds of sentiment.

* * *

Twilight falls and with it holy calm. No hurry here or clang of bell or screech of passing car to rend the ear with discord; but only the sounds of peace. A path invites toward the western brow, where glows the autumn leaves of day, which, falling, one by one, admits the night. Far down the valley gleam ten thousand lamps, marking the city's streets, the busy avenues of pleasure—and despair.

* * *

Sleep is in the air, darkness deepens, the joy of vision past. Why not turn in and rest in Nature's time, and rise with the return of light as do the birds?

* * *

In the gray dawn, feeling the Day God's approach, I steal gently forth and seek the eastern brow to watch the summit of San Antonio and there catch the earliest rays. I thought to be alone, but on the rocks, fits seats for Juno and her attendants, are five fair maidens, stirred by the same impulse, a desire to view the breaking day. Below, shrouding the valley like billows of the sea, the clouds float along the mountain sides and seem to dash like waves against the rocky wall. We are early. The light still falters on the distant peaks, and still the shadows sleep among the little hills.

* * *

A common sympathy exists with those who seek the grand and beautiful, that is stronger than social convention or forms of etiquette. All strangers, but children of the same dawn! Lovers of Nature in her grandest hour, willing to forego the luxury of the couch, when tired nerves are most content to stay, in order to drink in the glory of a new day and feel the strange, sweet thrill which travels round the earth borne by Aurora's chariot. Conventional forms would seem absurdly out of place when people meet in the morning's glow, with hearts attuned to Nature's music, and so we speak freely, as would companions of the past. Why not? Are we not waiting for the light? What evil can survive the lightning lances of the wondrous orb? Or who could come to such a place and scene with anything but pure intent? The instincts of the soul perceive the answering sentiment and acquaintance is established on the spot. Then follows the delight of comradeship in exchange of thought and experience, and the moods the gorgeous panorama excites in each as its phases become visualized.

* * *

How soon we come to locate ourselves. Here, by my side, is the Girl of the Golden West, not the girl of the play, but the real thing, born by the Golden Gate, whose cars have known no rougher music than the Pacific's waves, whose feet have never passed the confines of the golden state! Near by, in dignified repose, with mind and eyes alert, a daughter of the east reclines, discoursing of the scene and reminiscent of many other places she has visited upon the map of earth; a Boston girl, not of the burlesque type by any means, but of that order in the best estate of womanhood, well poised and schooled in social arts to please, with something bright to give in

conversation. Thus from the extremes of our broad land they come and will continue to come to this sacred mount.

* * *

Could any circumstance add more pleasure to that which Nature now bestows? Look! What a halo glows on snow crowned San Antonio! What artist can name the hues and shades that pass from peak to peak, stealing down among the hills! Familiar sights seem so fresh and new. We feel as if for us this wondrous scenic play is acted, and cannot think, while in its spell, that ages untold have witnessed each day its repetition. The clouds below seem eager for the view and creep upward in the rocky gorge to offer themselves a morning sacrifice; this, too, a tribute of the ages! Higher rides the sun, and over the last barrier throws his fierce beams no eye can look upon. Higher, too, rise the clouds to kiss the feet of day, then melt into nothingness! The purple lingers still upon the little hills between, bringing them in sharp perspective, bidding them awake! How fascinating are the illusions of Nature. We say the day breaks, as if to us in our little nook a special Providence had come and we the objects of the coming! Concert of ignorance. How long will it take man to realize his true place in the universe and drop the delusion that he, by asking, can shape the movements of its mighty forces?

* * *

What a view! So grand, so beautiful, so inspiring! This must be the home of spirits. Perhaps one day our senses may be so developed and refined as to feel and see their presence. The birds and squirrels having concluded we are part of their familiar haunts, come out to seek their food. The jangle of a bell reminds us of the day's advance, and certain cravings within prompt us to follow the example of Nature's own children.

* * *

The clouds have yielded to the sun; the busy valley opens to our view, and duties waiting beckon us below. We take the downward trail, but in that consciousness which makes of life's experiences what we are. Something has risen to a higher plane because of this brief sojourn on the mount.

If You Would Be Busy B B B B

One of my esteemed readers evidently is a subscriber to the Success Magazine, for he sends in the following clipping, which appeared originally in that periodical. It is a clever play on the vowels and consonants as all will agree who see it. Naturally, it is addressed to the tradesman, the one who doesn't use The Graphic:

O, tradesman, in thine hour of e e e e,
If on this paper you should c c c c,
Take our advice and now be y y y y,
Go straight ahead and advert i i i i.
You'll find the project of some u u u u,
Neglect can offer no ex q q q q,
Be wise at once, prolong your da a a a,
A silent business soon de k k k k.

New Federal Positions Likely

With the passage through congress of the new tariff law, which carries a provision to tax the earnings of corporations, there will be several more federal positions to fill in this field, which may be well worth while. The workings of the new act have not yet been disclosed, but that its enforcement will require inspectors and deputies is certain. Presumably, the civil service provisions will not apply in their case. I advise those who aspire to office in this direction to get busy at once.

Love's Arbitrator

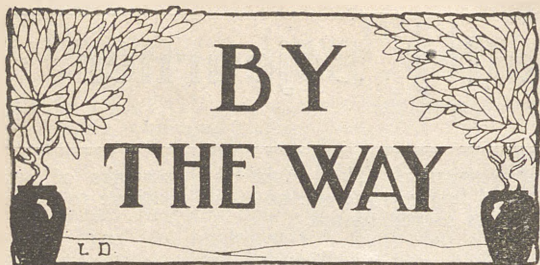
I thought that the highway of love was pleasant,
Merry with music and very fair;
A-shimmer with sunbeams and soft with moonlight,
Sweet with the perfume of roses rare.

I know that the highway of love is rocky,
Scattered with rose-petals bruised and torn,
A-shimmer with tears that our knowledge brings us,
Sad with the phantoms of dreams forlorn.

And yet, were I back where our love awakened,
Back to the days when my dreams were sweet,
And you were to open your arms in pleading—
Ask me to choose where the cross roads meet—

With peace I would travel the hard way over,
Knowing that road was my Paradise;
What matter the pain or the toil and trouble?
Life holds its meaning within your eyes.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.



Wants to Know About the "Joy Ride"

I have received a letter asking me to give a definition of "joy ride." I am perfectly willing to venture a modest opinion on almost anything save what the women will wear next season, but I am loath to grapple with this topic. My galas usually are taken on horseback and I have not been in the receiving hospital in many years. However, the young woman who requests the information may be acting in good faith, hence I will try to enlighten her and any other readers who do not own an auto. A joy ride is not taken with your wife. It is a sort of charitable affair. One's wife always may ride, but there are many persons who are pining and drooping for lack of fresh air secured while whooping along the highway at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Night air appears to be rather more efficacious for these patients. That which blows at lively resorts seems to have the greatest power in these sad cases. Most of those receiving "first aid" seem to be women. The hard-working actress, the handsome, but lonely, wife of the man who is away from town, and the dashing but autoless widow are prominent upon the list. Therefore, it is one or two of these whom the chug-chug philanthropist tenderly escorts to his limousine and takes far into the country, where dusky nature offers atmosphere in wholesome and wholesale quantities. In the course of the treatment, the patients must be nourished upon cold bottles, hot birds and other delicate viands. This must not be overlooked. The origin of the name given this treatment ride was purely accidental. The first lovely patient, upon observing a prominent citizen's car in front of her door, exclaimed, "Oh, joy!" This is all I care to say upon the subject at present.

Business Done Between Stunts

Los Angeles is unusually strong in representation at the San Francisco Bohemian Club's summer high jinks this week. In addition to Messrs. Louis F. Vetter, Newton Foster, John T. Gaffey, M. H. Sherman, J. A. Graves, Henry C. Lee and Dr. H. Bert Ellis are the three lately joined members, Messrs. W. E. Dunn, Allan C. Balch and Dr. Ernest A. Bryant, all of whom went north Tuesday. I find, in addition, that of the twenty-one directors of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, no fewer than thirteen are members of the Bohemian Club, and as a majority of these are in attendance at the jinks, business may be transacted in the grove, between stunts, without interruption. The P. M. L. I. Company is represented in the crack San Francisco club by its president, George I. Cochran, John B. Miller, James C. Drake, Gail B. Johnson, Isaac Milbank, Lee Phillips, Jr., W. H. Davis, F. H. Beaver, J. F. Roche, John S. Tanner, W. H. Crocker, E. J. Marshall, Dr. W. W. Beckett and Dr. Milbank Johnson. Beat that, if you can!

Courage of His Convictions

With the courage of his convictions that Los Angeles will continue to grow steadily toward the harbor, Charles A. Elder, president of the Los Angeles Investment Company, has closed for his corporation the largest purchase of real estate in recent suburban transactions, having acquired several adjacent tracts southwest of the city on the low hills, covering a view of the mountains to the sea. These tracts comprise 713 acres. The main owner was the Title Insurance and Trust Company, and there were twenty-three others. This large contiguous body of land will be laid out in boulevards and drives, and a pavilion and observatory will be erected; also forty acres will be devoted to parks and sunken gardens. In all, there are three thousand lots, and the building restriction is not far from \$5,000. There will be \$100,000 set aside for a park fund, and the investment in this new suburban city will aggregate \$10,000,000, when it is all built up. This tract runs from Forty-ninth street to Florence avenue, on the low range of hills directly west of the city limits, and will be reached by a new electric line to run from the city to the sea. This elaborate plan of Mr. Elder's for his company is one of the most far-reaching of recent years, and with continued prosperity will result in another Hollywood of

beautiful homes. Mr. Elder has set a smart pace for his competitors. His is the faith that wins.

Three Newspaper Graduates

Among the list of young law students who were admitted to practice last week in the local courts, passing an excellent examination, are John M. Beardsley, Thomas Charles Gould and Amasa R. T. Truex. All three, at intervals, were on the staff of the late lamented Evening News, serving as court reporters. They were earnest, trustworthy youngsters, alert, capable and thorough, as I have personal reason to know. That they managed to pursue their studies after the exacting duties which service on a daily newspaper naturally imposes, is an indication of the strength of character each possesses. I rejoice in their ambition, their pertinacity and their individual triumph. That they will succeed in their chosen careers is certain. I understand that Mr. Truex is about to associate himself with an attorney of established practice, while Messrs. Beardsley and Gould will continue to report for the Express for a season longer, and until such time as they can afford to hang out their joint shingle, for these two newspaper colleagues intend to form a law partnership at a later date.

Why Not "Echo" Stimson?

Friends of Marshall Stimson, the "militant reformer," are extending congratulations this week on the advent of a brand-new baby girl which the stork brought to his Kensington road home Wednesday night, making an interesting quiver of two daughters and a son in that household. As yet, the new arrival is unnamed, the mass of male appellations under consideration failing to fit. If I might be permitted to hazard a suggestion, the title of the attractive little park which lies at the base of the hill upon which the Stimson residence stands seems to offer a pretty sounding name, especially in view of the repetition of the sex.

Civil Service Commission's Outing

With his classic countenance done to the complexion of a boiled lobster, Dr. John R. Haynes is back from an outing of the Civil Service Commission to Catalina, of which board the doctor was so long an honored member. I am told that the dignified commissioners discarded all dignity on arriving at the isthmus and disported in the water like young dolphins at play. Blistered backs, arms and faces resulted in a wireless to the mainland for a case of arnica jelly, Frank Naud quince-seed preparations and other tried and proved lotions to allay the inflammation and remove the soreness. However, the game was worth the candle, all confess.

Silent as to Bait Used

From Catalina I am in receipt of a highly colored postal card, showing two beautiful houris in striped hose and teeth—only the latter bear longitudinal markings instead of transverse—reclining on the sand with Old Ocean rumbling discontentedly twenty feet back, unable to reach them. The card is from "Dr." Harry Brook, the noted alienist and eminent diagnostician, who in a terse line above the mermaids notes: "These fish are biting freely." He does not mention the bait used.

How "Bill" Mulholland Missed It

Our own "Bill" Mulholland, superintendent of the Los Angeles Water Company, is a victim of near-fortune. He is strolling over the aqueduct right of way with the knowledge that he might be in the millionaire class if he had paid attention to business twenty years ago. William was one of the pioneer pathfinders who tramped over the now famous oil districts of California. In conversation with a friend, recently, he told him that years ago he traversed the Santa Maria district where oil properties, in their entirety, now are worth millions. He observed petroleum seepage at the time.

"Why did you not take up claims on this oil ground?" he was asked.

"Because I was an ordinary blank idiot," was Mulholland's reply. The territory he walked over twenty years ago has been purchased by the Union Oil Company and others at ranch prices, and the acreage, which could have been secured by government location, now is worth millions.

Willis Booth's Sensible Interview

I see by my eastern exchanges that Willis H. Booth, president of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, when in Atlantic City, recently, gave out a breezy interview in regard to the expansion of Los Angeles into a seaport town, and with reference to the future development of trade with China. In advertent to the plan to annex Wilmington and San Pedro, Mr. Booth stated

that ten million dollars were to be expended in the construction of commercial docks in order to facilitate the over-sea trade. He said, "Everything is combining to give us in Los Angeles a keen interest in the Chinese market and an early appreciation of its benefits. First of all, we realize that the Pacific coast never will become thickly populated through agricultural industry alone. We need more manufactures and can sustain them with our cheap water power and fuel, but once they are increased we must find a greater market. The logical market of the future is not eastward, in competition with American industries already firmly established. It is westward, like the star of empire, that our commercial invasion must take its way, westward across the Pacific to China, where exists a market three times as large as that of the United States." This is sensible talk, much as his friends would expect from so level-headed a man as is the president of the chamber of commerce and banker.

School Board and Dr. Moore

There seems to be little doubt that every member of the present board of education will stand for re-election. All had decided to withdraw at the expiration of their present term next January. But, owing to the unfair attacks upon Superintendent E. C. Moore, it has been determined by the board to stand firmly behind the able head of the schools, who is to be re-elected for another term early in 1910. Messrs. Joseph Scott, Fielding J. Stilson and H. W. Frank, who have sacrificed much in a material way, in order that the city's school system may be taken out of practical politics, are disposed to give to the same public service further good work at the expiration of their present terms in January. This determination, which is to be commended, adds greatly to the interest in the coming municipal campaign. Personally, I am of the opinion that Dr. Moore would much prefer to step aside and seek another sphere of usefulness, but, naturally, he dislikes to retire under fire. Dr. Moore enjoys more than a national reputation as an educator, and the local school system has been greatly benefited by his advent here.

To Entertain the President

What does the city propose to do toward making the visit of President Taft to Los Angeles a notable affair? I understand the Chamber of Commerce is to have charge of the presidential advent, with the actual entertainment in the hands of the President's relatives here. Naturally, our surplus energy in this direction was heavily drawn upon during the recent Elks' entertainment, for which purpose a lot of money was raised among business men, hence it is possible that additional funds for more entertaining will be difficult to get. I would suggest that the task of raising the necessary cash be entrusted to an expert like Motley H. Flint, for instance, who never fails in such matters. And if the indefatigable postmaster is to accomplish much he should get busy at once.

Walter Parker Ready to Help Out

Important political item: Walter Parker has so far recovered from his recent indisposition as to be able again to give orders to the elect in the Republican machine, who profess to be convinced that it has been foreordained that Mr. Parker, and he alone, shall decide for us who shall be the next mayor of Los Angeles, and who the members of the new city council. Incidentally, Mr. Parker, who has been for several days at Murrieta Hot Springs, recuperating, is due home in a few days. He has shed about twenty pounds of surplus weight, and is otherwise again in excellent physical condition. Until further notice, the old high sign will be accepted by the office boy on the fourth floor of the Harriman-Huntington Pacific Electric building.

Dr. Dowling and John D., Jr.

I see that my old friend, Rev. George Thomas Dowling, formerly rector of Christ church, here, and now rector emeritus of St. James' Episcopal church, Brooklyn, has come to the defense of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whom he has known intimately for many years. Dr. Dowling was pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland for twelve years, before coming to Los Angeles, and it was there that he baptized the younger Rockefeller into the church. His championship of John D., Jr., was aroused by the severe criticism of Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan, who, in a Sunday discourse, took the young man to task for using the figure of the American Beauty rose to justify the policy of commercial association which won him his millions. Bishop Williams accused Mr. Rockefeller, junior, of using this phase before his Bible

class recently, but, according to Dr. Dowling, the figure was employed several years ago in an address the young man made on "Christianity in Business," before the students at the Wednesday night meeting of the Y. M. C. A. He was emphasizing the need of a sense of justice in business and arguing that combinations were bound to take the place of competition, as securing the greatest good to the greatest number, likened that to the "beauty rose." Dr. Dowling has known the young man from boyhood, and writes feelingly of his many good attributes of character. His open letter to the bishop is in fine spirit, written in that choice English for which the distinguished clergyman is noted. I am not a great admirer of the Rockefeller methods, but the letter convinces me that the son, at least, has been maligned.

Farish or Wankowski

Supporters of former Councilman Oscar E. Farish do not intend to permit the grass to grow under their feet in their efforts to land their favorite in the mayor's chair. I understand that Mr. Farish is to be endorsed by the Democratic city central committee at an early day, in order that the party vote at the primaries may not be divided. Members of the Jefferson Club, which is the silk stocking wing of the local Democracy, have been informed that a limited number of the old-time political adherents of M. P. Snyder are to try to hand him another nomination for mayor, but this is to be headed off by placing the party organization directly behind Farish in time to tie up all of the faithful to his support. If the movement in behalf of General Robert Wankowski assumes tangible shape, the latter soon will have a working organization that will include every precinct in the city. In fact, it will not surprise me if, when the returns are all in, at the conclusion of the coming primary, it is found that Wankowski has polled a larger preliminary vote than any other single mayoralty aspirant. Either Farish or Wankowski will assure the city of a good clean administration.

Occidental-Oriental Affair Planned

It is a certainty that Oregon, as well as Washington, Idaho, Utah and all of the other extreme western states, as well as the nearby territories—by that time states—will join us in the exhibit, while New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri are pretty sure to contribute funds sufficient to erect and maintain their various state buildings. That Texas and certain of the southern states will follow suit is the firm belief of the enthusiasts who have the exposition germ in their systems, and who profess to be convinced that the enterprise will develop an exposition second only to the great World's Fair of Chicago. It is agreed that by 1915 Los Angeles will have developed several oriental steamer lines, with its proposed \$10,000,000 harbor idea at San Pedro, and with a population of half a million or more, the city will be in position to command notable exhibits from China, Japan and other of the far eastern countries. In fact, the proposed fair is to be in the nature of an Occidental-Oriental exposition, such as the Panama canal opening naturally suggests.

Los Angeles Fair in 1915

There is an influential element in the community that is quietly engaged in devising ways and means by which Los Angeles is to enjoy the benefits of an international exposition that shall be in full blast by 1915, at which time the Panama canal is to be completed, and the Owens river conduit system is expected to be in operation. Proponents of this proposed fair have been at work very quietly, but the details of the enterprise are to be sprung at an early day, probably about the time the Seattle exposition is ready to close its doors. I believe I had the honor of first suggesting celebrating the Panama canal opening in 1915 by holding a fair here. At intervals I have referred to the plan in The Graphic, but the scheme is only just beginning to assume definite form. With Senator Flint a member of the finance committee in the upper house it is believed it will be a fairly easy matter to secure for the projected undertaking the proper sort of government backing. It is proposed, when the next legislature convenes, to ask from the state an appropriation of five million dollars for such a celebration, after Los Angeles county first has set aside a like sum for the same purpose, with the city also in agreement to provide a similar amount. Then, in addition, Los Angeles business men are to be invited to subscribe for ten million dollars in fair bonds. Add to this twenty million dollars a five million dollar appropriation from the national treasury, and

two million five hundred thousand dollars from other Southern California counties, with a goodly sum from San Francisco and other northern sections of California, and the grand total aggregates a sum that looks formidable enough on paper, to say the least.

Oil Dreams That Went Agley

Adolph Ramish and Martin C. Marsh, whose prospects of wealth at one time bid them have hopes of rivaling the joint houses of Rockefeller and Morgan, have seen their riches disappear as quickly as they were uncovered. The Sherman field oil wells that opened up for Messrs. Marsh and Ramish and Judge Albert M. Stephens a brief vista of trips to Europe, automobiles and all the other luxuries that go toward making the American millionaire the envy of less fortunate mankind, have gone where the woodbine twineth. Water has been encountered where it is doing the most harm, and the future does not appear bright for an early resumption of dividend payments. When the Union Oil Company first secured a lease of the Sherman lands, the royalty basis, upon which the contracts were signed, paid to Marsh and his associates close to \$800 a month each. That was for the first month. The next month the individual total fell to about \$200, which was not at all bad. With the third month, however, the receipts fell off to about \$20 for each of the three members of the syndicate, occasioning not a little depression in their camp. But that was not the worst, for the following month there was no dividend at all. Instead, there was a deficiency of several hundred dollars, which has been growing, until now it looks as if the trio will be fortunate if there is not an assessment levied in order to rid their wells of the flow of water that permeated the twelve holes drilled upon their property by the lessees.

Public Service Commission Projected

Now that we are to have a public service corporation, there should be a discontinuance of city hall disputes, such as have been of annual recurrence when the time arrived for establishing rates for gas, power, electricity and telephone service. Those conversant with the subject appear to have in view a commission whose members shall be paid salaries of not less than \$6,000 a year, and to consist of at least three persons, to be named by the mayor, with the consent of the city council. The proposed new positions will be by far the most desirable in the public service.

Tiresome Newspaper Contests

While the Los Angeles Examiner's around-the-world racers are wearing out their young lives in the effort to make their trip one continuous round of pleasure, the Times is engaged in its annual scholarship campaign, with almost the customary measure of success. The public has been flooded with newspaper contests of various kinds and descriptions in the last twelvemonth until the practice has come to be regarded as considerable of a nuisance. There is this difference between the Hearst plan and the Chandler campaign. Whereas, the former is costing the Examiner not a little cash, the Times scholarship contest is netting the Times a goodly sum, probably not less than \$25,000. I haven't much to say in favor of either affair, but at least the children may profit by the Times scholarship offer. The public pays the bills, which is a tribute to Harry Chandler's business shrewdness.

Proof of Healthy Times

I wonder how many readers of The Graphic are interested in a study of values as shown today in the Los Angeles stock exchange list, compared with the same quotations at this time but a year ago. The facts disclosed will open the eyes of the average newspaper reader. Just think of it. First National Bank stock, for instance, which was offered at 385 a year ago, now is selling at 485, which, on a capital of ten thousand shares, means an increase of an even million dollars upon that security alone. Others of the bank and of the principal industrial stocks and of the best of the bonds have advanced nearly in the same proportion, aggregating a gain in the entire list of close to \$20,000,000; quite a respectable expansion in a twelvemonth. The facts are the best possible proof that conditions again are normal in a business and money way.

Charcoal Water as a Poison Antidote

That good judge of antiques, Lee L. Powers, sends me a newspaper clipping telling how, in the city of Toulouse, France, an entire family of fifteen persons, having been poisoned by mushrooms, were cured by drinking charcoal water.

Also when mixed with strychnine that powerful toxicant was proved harmless. The antidote prescribed for any symptoms of poisoning is to pulverize the charcoal in water, as fine as possible, and inject it into the stomach. Mr. Powers writes, "I have ever been a timorous eater of mushrooms, feeling always as if I had entered into a suicidal pact with that edible, but now I am resting easier, with this cure in mind." I commend the pulverized charcoal to the thoughtful minds of my readers for use in an emergency.

Home Telephone Outlook Elsewhere

While San Francisco, Portland, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma Home Telephone companies have taken a turn in the right direction, in the matter of their financing, Omaha, which, like the others mentioned, is largely a Los Angeles flotation, is not yet out of the woods. Denver, too, appears to be in a bad way. These several corporations, all financed here, cost their Los Angeles promoters in excess of \$25,000,000, a most remarkable sum to have been raised in a field so restricted as this. And the wonder has been that with an earthquake in San Francisco, and with a financial depression that shook the nation from center to circumference, coming just when they did, the losses did not prove beyond repair. However, all's well that ends well, and although Omaha and Denver Home are still in the dumps, the other similar corporations soon will have their shareholders wondering why it was they ever felt the future carried for them nothing but gloom and depression.

Prince of Humorists Ill

Robert J. Burdette, prince of humorists, is not at all well, and in his physical distress Los Angeles, and, in fact, all Southern California, extends warm sympathies. Reports that he has resigned the pastorate of the Temple Baptist church are received with more equanimity than the news of his illness. If he can still preach to our hearts through his inimitable platform essays, his delightful stories, his happy after-dinner addresses and his sparkling wit, we will strive to stifle our regret in the other direction. I suppose "Bob" Burdette has caused more people to forget their troubles, their sorrows, their business difficulties, by his nimble wit, in the forty-odd years that it has scintillated so kindly, so joyously than all the other remedies they have essayed combined. May his "Eventide" at Redondo be full of comfort, of good cheer and of loving friends.

Flint and McLachlan Coming Soon

United States Senator Frank P. Flint and Congressman James McLachlan are due to arrive home from Washington within a fortnight. Both expect to remain in Los Angeles through the remainder of the summer. Later, the river and harbor committee of the house and the finance committee of the senate are scheduled to visit here.

Corporation Tax a Bugbear

I am wondering if the federal corporation tax will not hit local concerns a bit hard in spots. The new law is pretty certain to force the Union Oil Company, the Home Telephone Company and others of the more important corporations doing business in Los Angeles to give up a neat penny each year toward the maintenance of the general government. It has been estimated that the act will bring to the federal treasury from Southern California close to \$500,000. The big public service corporations will be the heaviest contributors, of course.

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SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



Notable among the novels of the year is "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White. It is the word of a man who believes in his kind and has an abiding faith in ultimate good. John Barclay, as a child, was a part of that great migration which he did not know, being a boy, was one of "God's miracles—the migration of a people, blind, but instinctive as that of birds or buffalo, from old pastures into new ones. All over the plains, in those days, on a hundred roads like that which ran through Sycamore Ridge, men and women were moving from east to west, and as often has happened since the beginning of time, when men have migrated, a great ethical principle was stirring in them."

It was the principle of freedom, which moved John Barclay's parents to turn their backs upon wealth and position, and give themselves to the Kansas-Nebraska cause. For preaching an abolition sermon from the tongue of his prairie schooner, John Barclay's father was killed; but his mother, undaunted, after burying her loved dead, turned her face still to the west and to freedom. She was poor and did washing for the townspeople to support herself and her child. This gave them no inferior place in the social system of that settlement—all pioneer women worked hard. Between whiles and on Sundays, she tried to interest her boy in Beecher's sermons and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." While she ironed she told him stories of his father, and sang to him old love songs that made them both weep.

For neighbors and close friends also were Philemon R. Ward, agent of the Underground Railway; Martin Culpepper, a loyal Virginian; Watts McHardie, the little harnessmaker, who taught John Barclay to play the accordion and afterward, in great stress of patriotism, wrote a national song that made his little town famous. Then there were Miss Lucy, John's first school teacher, and Ellen Culpepper, his first love, besides others, good and bad, who all went to make up the fiber of John Barclay's complex nature. Great ideas, great simplicity, great energy, were quality of the air in those thrilling days before the rebellion. The great drouth of '60 was a part of his childhood memory, and the battle of Sycamore Ridge, one of those wild border raids, gave him his first taste of the terrors and thrills of war. Besides these environments there was in John Barclay the inherited acquisitiveness of a rich grandfather, so his whole history is the curious blending of these antagonistic traits, shaped by the war and the delirium of prosperity and opportunity that followed it up to the panic of '73.

There is no particular story to tell, although this is a novel and a real one. Everything happens to John Barclay that comes into the life of man, but it is interwoven with the stories of the lives about him, and the story is not the important point of this novel. So little does Mr. White regard it that he often anticipates his own climaxes, and takes no pains to keep his heroines beautiful and his heroes young. Quite a careless story teller, you see, but a wonderful painter of life and character. Love is only one of the vital emotions in Mr. White's eyes; other things sway men's souls and color their lives, whether for good or ill he does not decide. All the proportions are so well preserved in this picture of a man's journey from childhood to old age, just as one would expect from the pen which has made the graphic pictures of men of his day.

Mr. White gives no preponderance to the good over the bad in his hero, nor to the bad over the good. The springs of actions in the human heart are deep and mysterious. He keeps his hero sweet in his home affections, devoted to his mother, unceasingly fond of the simple, homely things that made up his childhood; the friends of his youth are the friends of his manhood, and those who love him most and understand him best are the ones who blame him most. John Barclay has the sense that builds up trusts and monopolies.

He begins with the wheat fields surrounding his town and his idea grows with the power it breeds, until it debauches courts and legislatures, ruins farmers and friends, and callouses the soul of John Barclay. But its fatalities are all laid bare. With this cold power, is a love of music and a mystical sense of beauty that is never crushed out of him, and in the end redeems him. His early love, Ellen Culpepper, dies. One morning he is awakened, startled, and clutches his bed fellow, Bob Hendricks, exclaiming, "Bob, Bob—look, look!"

Whatever it was that startled him fluttered away on a beam of sunrise, and Bob Hendricks rose with the frightened boy, and went to his work with him. Two days later a letter came, telling him that Ellen Culpepper was dead. Now death—that vast baffling mystery of death—is Fate's strongest lever to pry men from their philosophy. And death came into this boy's life before his creed was set and hard, and in those first days, while he walked far afield, he turned his face to the sky in his lonely sorrow, and when he cried to heaven, there was a silence. So his heart curdled, and you, kind gentlemen of the jury, who are to pass on the case of John Barclay in this story, remember that he was only twenty years old, and that in all his life there was nothing to symbolize the joy of sacrifice, except this young girl. All his boyish life she had nurtured the other self in his soul—the self that might have learned to give and be glad in the giving. And when she went, he closed his Emerson, and opened his trigonometry, and put money in his purse.

So Mr. White pleads for and accounts for his hero. Something of this early love remained with him even in his blinded money-making. A street had been named for her in the early days of the town. When that town became a metropolis it was proposed to change this to a more businesslike appellation. Much to the surprise of his townspeople, John Barclay left important affairs in Washington, brought his own lawyer and threw all the force of his influence and money to have the old name retained. Dolan's conclusion is a natural one: "He's too many for me—that Johnny boy is. I can't make him out."

Mr. White has made the nearest approach yet, to the great American novel, so long looked for. He has a tender affection and understanding of the homely, simple things that make the daily lives of the mass of Americans; he feels the desire for social justice, the belief in the power of right, which is the very foundation stone of our institutions, and he refuses to lose this faith as man or story teller in the face of the most appalling social mistakes. Perhaps the keynote is best struck in his description of the portrait of John Barclay at forty, painted by a Russian. The portrait is described in detail, but the wonderful thing about it is the right hand.

It is the sort of vital, human thing that would please Barclay—no sham about it; but he did not realize what the Russian was putting into that hand—a long, hard, hairy, hollow, grasping, relentless hand, full in the foreground and squarely in the light—a horrible thing with artistic fingers, and a thin, greedy palm indicated by the deep hump in the back. It reaches out from the picture, with the light on the flesh tufts, with the animal hair thick upon it, and with the curved, slender, tapering fingers cramped like a claw, and when one follows up the arm to the crouching body, the furtive mouth, the bold shrewd eye, and there sees that forehead, full of visions, one sees in it more than John Barclay of Sycamore Ridge, more than America, more than Europe. It is the menace of civilization—the danger to the race from the domination of sheer intellect without moral restraint.

There is only this thing to fear: If, in making John Barclay "become a little child" and give away all his money at the end, Mr. White seems to anticipate a not altogether likely millennium, perhaps this is still another sign of his clearer vision, and we may safely trust him in this also. ("A Certain Rich Man." By William Allen White. The Macmillan Co.)

M. H. C.

Magazines of the Month

August Biblot is devoted to an appreciation of George Meredith by Oliver Elton, which is as scholarly and thorough as any critic could desire. Mr. Meredith's aims and ideals he discusses from all points, as also the style in which they are clothed. Meredith occupies a position quite apart from all recognized groups of schools of English novelists. Mr. Elton says, "His true and chosen background is the real, feudal, Tory country world of old Victorian England, with its ineradicable shades of caste-feeling, its surface gallantry, its reluctance to think, its vigor of physique and its excellent manners." His favorite characters are the bravest and fairest that such society can breed, or at least cannot prevent from being bred in its

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midst; and his frequent subject in the struggle of these favorites to rise above the spiritual and mental level of their world." He touches upon the analysis, the types of women, the comedy in Mr. Meredith's writing and his value as a teacher and prophet. Also he faces Mr. Meredith's "verbal strangeness," which, he claims, the older critics did not try to understand, and which is supposed to explain his slow acceptance by the public. There is appended one of his poems, "Margaret's Bridal Eve," somewhat mystical, considered by Swinburne "both pathetic and splendid."

Scribner's for the current month is the annual fiction number and there are featured in the issue any number of bright, entertaining stories. One of the best of these is E. W. Hornung's "The Lady of the Lift," "The Romance of His Life," by Mary Cholmondeley, is also an interesting narrative. F. Hopkinson Smith contributes "A List to Starboard," and Maurice Hewlett's admirers will find absorption in his tale, "Beckwith's Fairy." Contributions by Margaret Sherwood, Katherine Holland Brown, Edith Wharton and other well-known writers complete this stunning number.

Lighting a great city and the strain it puts on the electric companies is an interesting story as told by Arthur D. Howden Smith in the August Putnam's. "The Peak of the Load" shows what it means to light New York City and transport her crowds. A study of Knox, "Able Citizen," is by Edward G. Lowry. The much-discussed Emmanuel Movement is again presented, this time by Frederic B. Hodgins. The fiction of this number is by Wilfred T. Grenfell, Louise Mack, Jane Dalziel Wood, Eden Phillpotts, Maurice Hewlett, Alice MacGowan and Jean Dwight Glavin.



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By Blanche Rogers Lott

Those two powerful factors of Los Angeles musical life, Harley Hamilton and L. E. Behymer, have arrived home after a stay of several weeks in the eastern art centers. Mr. Hamilton was invited to be guest conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra a week ago last Sunday, and directed that fine orchestra in a program.

Mr. Behymer reports the first concert of the coming season for about November 1, and it will be a Dr. Ludwig Wullner recital. A few weeks later George Hamlin, the American tenor, the first singer to give Strauss' songs a hearing in this country and a first-class artist, appears. Then follow Sembrich, Fritz Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, Carreno, and Rosenthal. A newcomer will be the great Dutch contralto, Tilly Koenen, who has been singing with great success in Germany, France, her own Holland, and London for several seasons. Then, too, Los Angeles musicians will have the opportunity to judge for themselves whether or not the marvelous classic dancing of Isidora Duncan improves an orchestral concert. Duncan and the Danrosch Orchestra are engaged for appearances here. These artists are definitely engaged, and arrangements for others, doubtless, will be made later.

The regular symphony concerts will occupy their usual important place.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus are at Idyllwild for a month's vacation.

There has been expressed by many leading musicians the wish for more new and fewer wornout operas in the repertory of the International Company, now presenting operas here. An eastern exchange says: "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni's opera, which was performed once several years ago in New York, has recently been performed at the Princess Theater, San Francisco. The critics were enthusiastic in praise of the orchestration, but appeared to think that the music was too ambitious for the frivolous libretto." The performance referred to was one by this same company. It is to be heard here next week.

Last week, in these columns, mention was made of a Chopin monument to be erected at last in Warsaw, his native city. That cities other than one's own are usually the first to honor great men again is evidenced by the news that a statue is to be erected in a city of Ireland to the memory of Dennis O'Sullivan, the singer. As is known, this clever singer was a San Francisco boy, and his father, as chief of the fire department, died during the late disaster in that city. Dennis O'Sullivan had lived in England several years, but was concertizing in this country when his final call came. However, Ireland erects to his memory a statue and his home city—?

Mr. and Mrs. Josef Rubo are at Lake Tahoe for a month.

The Oakland correspondent of Musical America vouches for the following: "Oaklanders are elated over the success of Putnam Griswold, baritone, of the Royal Opera of Berlin, who has just signed with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Griswold came to Oakland as a youth from his Massachusetts home. He supported his mother as a grocery boy until he became salesman in a large dry goods house. Here he advanced himself to the job of floorwalker. Meanwhile he studied singing in his spare time and was bass soloist in the First Congregational church. Musical friends soon persuaded him that his career did not lie in a shop. So Griswold went to Europe, where his remarkable voice was quickly recognized by the masters. His six-year contract with the Royal Opera still has two years to

run, but a leave of absence has been granted by the emperor. The agreement with the Metropolitan Company covers three years.

Among the novelties to be given at the London Queen's Hall promenade concerts this summer is the "Danse Sacre" and "Danse Profane" by Debussy. This number was given at the last Dominant Club meeting, arranged for two pianos.

Louis Gottschalk, so well known here, both for his own sake and that of his sister, Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, has been engaged as conductor for the new Viennese operetta, "The Love Cure," which is to open in New York this month.

De Pachmann, the pianist, has just reached his sixty-first birthday. Probably no one remembers his last visit to Los Angeles so well as Frederick Blanchard, who was managing the recital. Mr. Blanchard was obliged to sit on the stage near the wonderful, but erratic pianist, who consented to continue playing to the people of Redlands on the condition that his manager sit by him. But with all his peculiarities, we would not object to another visit from De Pachmann.

At the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Leipsic University, in July, ten thousand voices joined in the singing of the student and folk songs.

With the name of Lind to help along, Christine Lind, grand niece of the famous Jenny Lind, is to sing in the United States the coming season. She has made good in Europe, which will also help.

Brahms' festival, to be held at Munich early in September, is sold out and this is the first one ever held. The program comprises, on the first day, the "German Requiem;" on the second day, chamber music in the afternoon and a concert in the evening, comprising the second and third symphonies, variations on a Haydn theme, and rhapsody for alto, male choir and or-

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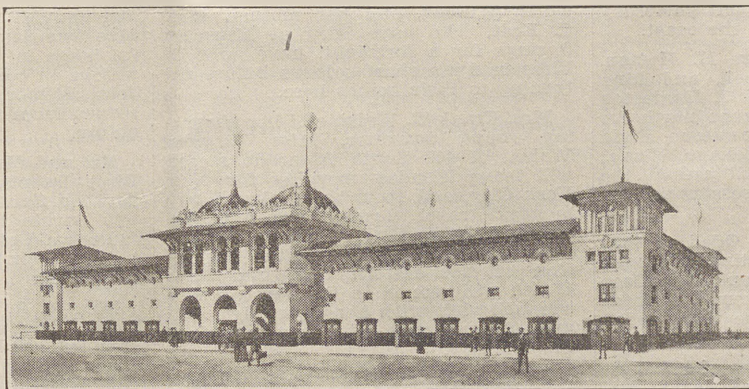
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By Ruth Burke

One of the most delightful of the informal affairs of this week was the motoring party to Venice, Monday evening, given by Commander and Mrs. Ward Winchell of Kenwood avenue. Dancing in the pavilion was a feature of the outing trip, and later the party adjourned to a cottage near the lagoon, where supper was served. Commander and Mrs. Winchell's guests were Mrs. F. W. Eldridge, Mrs. W. P. Brayton of Dawson City, Alaska, Mrs. Grace Sanborn, Mrs. Marie Sweet Baker, Lieutenant A. Stanton, Mr. Henry F. Duck, Mr. O. W. Wuerker and Mr. A. Robert Elmore of New York.

In honor of Miss Hazel Rhinock daughter of Congressman Rhinock of Kentucky, who has been her house guest for the last two months, Miss Philippa Mitchell of South Figueroa street gave a tea Thursday at Hotel Alexandria. The appointments were particularly artistic, a profusion of Cecil Bruner roses being used, while rose-shaded lights served in the illumination. Covers were laid for Misses Hazel Rhinock, Juanita Lane, Willie Kerns, Josephine Dunkelberger, Mabel Wiles, Frankie Wiles, Ethel Seigel, Ada Seeley, Mmes. Leo Youngworth, A. Peters, Thilo Becker, Moore, Wolfelt, Albert Forthmann and the hostess.

Mrs. W. L. Graves of 1057 South Figueroa street has as her house guest Miss Esther Phillips of Hanford. Miss Phillips, who is the daughter of Judge Dickson L. Phillips, is an honor graduate of Stanford University, while her sister, Miss Louise Phillips received a gold medal for excelling in all her studies. A number of delightful affairs are planned in compliment to Miss Phillips in her stay here.

In honor of her cousins, Misses Mary and Minerva King of Kingsville, Texas, who have been her house guests, Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet of 943 South Hoover street entertained Thursday at a luncheon at the California Club. Besides the guests of honor and the hostess places were set for Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, Mrs. Daniel Young, Mrs. Ralph Leavitt, Miss Kate Parsons, Miss Bertha Pollard, Miss Julia Macbeth, Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mrs. Albert W. Moore and Mrs. William Kuehn. Following the luncheon, the guests attended the matinee at the Belasco. The Misses King left yesterday to continue their tour of the coast.

Judge and Mrs. George H. Hutton, with their little son, Bob, and Mrs. Hutton's mother, Mrs. S. J. Eggleston of Santa Monica, have gone north for a vacation trip to Yellowstone Park. First they will go to Spokane, Wash., where Judge Hutton will attend the National Irrigation Congress as a delegate.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Odell of 1630 Gramercy place are expecting as guests, Mr. Odell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oren H. Odell of Garfield avenue, Kansas City, Mo., who will leave there today for Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn of 917 West Twenty-eighth street will leave August 12 for Monterey, where they will attend the tennis and golf tournaments. They will be away about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton of San Gabriel, with their daughter, Miss Anita, and son, Lieutenant George S. Patton, Jr., just home from West Point, are at Catalina Island for a short stay. Lieutenant Patton, who is visiting his parents and sister, during his leave, will later go to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, to join the Fifteenth cavalry.

Miss Clara Scott of 2255 Second avenue entertained at luncheon, Wednesday, for her house guest, Miss Julia Moore of San Francisco, who left the following morning for her home in the north. The decorations were in Shasta daisies and smilax, and the place cards were ornamented with gold monograms. Guests were Miss Julia Moore, Mrs. J. B. Maitland of Denver, Colo., Miss Helen Updegraff, Mrs. R. O. Marks of

Omaha, Neb., Miss Marie Louise Freese, Miss Helen Wisler, Miss Anne Richards, Miss Kathryn Ramsburg, Miss Marie Schumann, Miss Elizabeth Richards and Mrs. Helen Hoff.

There will be much interest, locally, in the wedding of Mr. Birney Donnell of this city to Miss Agnes Cotter of Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Donnell will leave early next week for the east, where he will meet Miss Cotter. The ceremony will take place August 18 at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Thomas B. Cotter, at Plattsburg, N. Y., and the service will be read by another brother of the bride, Rev. R. J. Cotter of Hollywood. Both Mr. Donnell and Miss Cotter are popular here. The former is a brother of Messrs. John and Homer Donnell, the tennis cranks, and he has been connected with local educational interests for several years. The bride-elect has visited in Los Angeles and her return as a bride will be welcomed by many friends.

Mrs. L. A. Downing of 3737 South Hope street was hostess Monday at a dinner given in honor of Mrs. C. A. Tuttle of Salt Lake City. The decorations were American Beauties and from the chandelier broad bands of American Beauty ribbons were hung, and these streamers were caught at each place with large ribbon bows, which concealed the pretty favors. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine went over to Catalina the first of the week for a ten days' outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Spence are occupying the Easton cottage at Redondo Beach for a part of the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bethune of Bonnie Brae street are entertaining their daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. D. Bethune, Jr., of Humboldt, Ariz.

Many friends here welcomed the return of Miss Virginia Nourse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of Berkeley square, who has been abroad for a year, studying music and painting and enjoying considerable travel. Mr. Nourse, who went east early in July, met his daughter there and accompanied her home, the two stopping en route to visit relatives and friends in Ohio and the middle west, and visiting in Des Moines, their former home city. During the winter Miss Nourse studied music and painting in Paris and then traveled in Italy, Germany and Great Britain. Arriving in New York in June, she was a guest for several weeks at the handsome summer home at Pride's Crossing, Mass., of Mrs. Ayer, sister of Mrs. Hancock Banning of this city.

Mrs. Elon F. Willcox of 2957 Halldale avenue, with her son, Master Farnsworth Willcox, and her mother, Mrs. C. Erdt, who have been at Murrieta Springs for a fortnight, have gone to Elsinore for a short sojourn before returning to their homes here.

Mrs. Frank E. Walsh and her charming young daughter, Miss Virginia Walsh, of 403 South Alvarado street, will leave Monday morning for New York City, and from there plan a two months' travel through the principal cities of the east. Mrs. Walsh will return to her home here at the conclusion of the eastern trip, and Miss Walsh will remain in the north, where she will visit with her aunt, Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont, until the holidays.

Judge and Mrs. Drew Pruitt of 1514 Ingraham street have as their guests, Mrs. F. V. Holmes and Miss Lilla May Holmes of Little Rock Ark., nieces of Judge Pruitt, who stopped off in Los Angeles en route to the Seattle exposition and Yellowstone Park.

Miss Juliet Newkirk and Miss Lucy Newkirk of San Diego, who have been visiting in Seattle and other northern points of interest, have been house guests for several days of Miss Ethel Shaw of South Figueroa street. Miss Newkirk was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. James McCoy, sister of Miss Shaw.

Among Monday's delightful social affairs was the informal at home given by Miss Semone Ruch of 920 South Alvarado street in honor of Miss Flora Harker, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Ross of 1006 South Alvarado street, who will soon leave for her home in the south, after a three years' sojourn here as the guest of her uncle and aunt.



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Shasta daisies and greenery were used in the decorations and the table was arranged with yellow-shaded lights. Place cards were little Dutch shoes, with Dutch girls inside. Besides the guest of honor, covers were laid for Misses Mabel Stuart, Maude Howell, Beatrice Woodill, Mary Crowell, Florence Wiley, Flora Cronemiller, Frances Lewis, Katherine Potter, Rita Hogland and Mrs. Oscar Roberts, mother of the hostess, who assisted her in entertaining.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, who, with Mr. Van Nuys and their daughter, Miss Annis Van Nuys, are at Arrowhead Springs for the summer season, has been enjoying a few days' sojourn at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mrs. R. B. Treat, wife of Colonel Treat of San Francisco, who formerly lived in Los Angeles and was well known in local society circles, is visiting here as the guest of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller of Pasadena, are at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for a three weeks' outing.

Among the large social events of next week, one of the most delightful will be the large garden dance which Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny will give Tuesday evening at their beautiful home in Chester place. The affair will be in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, who have recently returned from their wedding trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe of 729 West Twenty-eighth street left Tuesday for Southern France, where they will devote their time to visiting the famous old chateaux. They plan to return to their home here the earlier part of October.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of West Adams street, who went north earlier in the summer, has been visiting in San Francisco and Oakland with friends. She will include Seattle in her itinerary and thence will go east to New York and other eastern cities. While away, she will visit with relatives in Marion, Ohio, and will return to her home here in November.

Mrs. Eleanor Brown, accompanied by her son, Mr. A. H. Brown, went to Arrowhead Springs Hotel, Saturday last, for a short stay.

Mrs. M. C. Burnett of South Hope street left Monday for an outing trip to Lake Tahoe and San Francisco. She plans to be away a month.

In compliment to Miss Ethel Coleman, a charming young society girl of Denver, Colo., who is visiting here, Mrs. Wherry E. Neel and Fay D. Robinson gave a delightful dinner Monday evening at the Jonathan Club. Other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. James Emerson Gee, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Prosser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Fryman,



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One of the delightful affairs of the week was the dinner given Tuesday by Mrs. R. F. Going of 1688 West Twenty-fifth street, in compliment to Mrs. Harriette McKenzie of Kenosha, Wis. The table centerpiece was of golden glow and Shasta daisies, and the place cards were hand decorated, with pictures of women in yellow. Covers were laid for twelve guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Anderson of 1571 West Adams street leave today for a tour of the principal eastern and Canadian cities. Later they plan going to France for a visit.

Mr. Homer Laughlin Sr., his daughter Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, and her aunt, Miss Battenburg, with Miss Katherine Clark, are enjoying a fortnight's outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Clara Catherine Marsh of this city is visiting in Kansas City, Mo., as the house guest of Miss Mary McCord Long.

Dr. and Mrs. David C. Barber have moved into their new home at 683 Harvard boulevard, where Mrs. Barber will receive the first and third Fridays of each month.

Miss Kate Smith of Columbia street, Pasadena, is at Ocean Park for a few weeks, where she is the house guest of Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester place, who is at that beach for a month.

Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, her daughter, son and mother, Mrs. W. H. Perry of 20 St. James park, plan to leave Tuesday for New York, where they are to meet Mrs. Wood's two eldest daughters, Misses Florence and Elizabeth Wood, who have been traveling abroad the last six months. Mr. Wood will accompany the party north as far as Alameda.

Mrs. W. W. Dixon of Hotel Van Nuys, who has been east since last April, sailed in July for a five or six months' tour of the world, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter of Chicago. News has been received by Los Angeles friends of their safe arrival in Paris, whence they will tour Europe as the first part of their itinerary.

Among the Los Angelans who registered at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending July 31 were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bostel, Miss Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gibson, Mr. W. L. Christian, Mr. E. M. House, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Mr. R. S. Callan, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Severance, Mr. A. J. Muele, Mr. R. Gartzman, Mr. E. P. Conway, Miss Anna Benninger, Mr. H. S. Mason, Mr. G. Cochrane, Mr. Scott F. Sheldon, Mr. Bert M. Morris, Mr. J. A. Lauderdale, Mr. C. A. Ballschweber, Mr. Ernest Crawford, Mr. Thomas Aurelius, Miss Grace Barnes, Mr. H. Llewellyn, Mr. Sidney L. Grover, Mr. A. M. Young, Mr. J. H. Fentry, Mr. A. A. Polhamus, Miss A. L. Aldrich, Mr. A. D. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Updike, Mr. G. E. Bergstrom, Mr. C. Manwaring, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Deyoe, Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Foote, Mr. William Blood and Mr. C. L. Bundy.

Miss Lovell Alice Taylor of the Burbank company, is enjoying a two week's vacation and left the first of the week for the north, where she will visit for a week with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Crain, at Hotel St. Mark's, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Nichols and daughter of this city registered at Hotel del Monte, July 25, having made the trip to that popular resort in their Stoddard-Dayton car. July 28 a party made up of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tyler and Mr. and Mrs. Ben N. Smith of Los Angeles made the run to Del Monte in a Cadillac. Mr. and Mrs. L. Hurlburt of Pasadena arrived in their Pierce-Arrow August 2. Another automobile party to Del Monte recently included Mr. George Watson and Mrs. S. F. Watson of Pasadena, who made the northern trip in their Fiat car. Mr. John P. Scripps and Mr. R. L. Merigold of San Diego used a Packard machine for the run up last week and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Goodhue of Long Beach made the trip in their Rambler car. Among prominent Los Angelans who registered at Hotel del Monte the week ending August 1 are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson, Mr. C. E. Brydges and Miss Brydges of Colegrove, Mr. Allan C.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Halsey of 668 South Bonnie Brae street are enjoying a fortnight in San Francisco.

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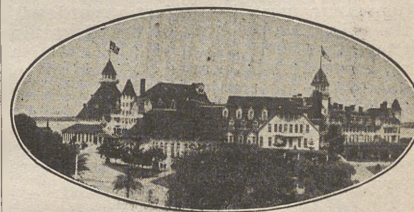
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FREE AUTO BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS



Opening without any great blare of trumpets, in a two weeks' engagement at the Mason, the International Grand Opera Company last Monday night proved by its rendition of Verdi's "Aida" that for singing qualities and dramatic possibilities the company is entitled to the most liberal support of the music-loving community. It is not a great organization numerically, but in place of volume it offers fresh and, in the main, young voices, whose owners inject a spirit and fire into the roles assumed that cannot fail to elicit the warmest commendation from critical audiences. Mme. Bertossi was the swarthy princess to the life, and in the lyrical as well as the more emotional parts of the opera she proved her thorough capabilities for the role. The well-filled galleries, teeming with musicians, among them being many of her countrymen, enthusiastically applauded her efforts, and the ground floor was equally appreciative, if less ardent. Semoloff has both volume and quality to impart to the role of Radames. He sings with great ease and with a vigor, sureness and sweetness of tone that make his portrayal of the captain of the guard a notable one in local annals of grand opera. The Amneris of Miss Strauss was awarded fully as hearty a reception as that accorded Bertossi's Aida. The American girl has a mezzosoprano of great power and of mellowed tone. She quickly won her audience by her excellent interpretation of the character, and the undeniable charm of her voice and appearance. As Amonasro, the Ethiopian king, father of Aida, Arcangel's make-up was a bit theatrical, but this singer is a favorite with Los Angelenos, his good work in the past meriting the applause his initial appearance invited. He not only looked the savage monarch, but his robust voice preserved the unities in most commendable style. Even more satisfactory was the high priest, Ramphis, of Gravina, whose voice and imposing demeanor were in perfect accord with the role. As the king of the Egyptians Oteri was well assigned and with the priestess of Mlle. Zarad aided in giving one of the most enjoyable performances of Aida seen here in several seasons. Merola conducted in an admirable manner, eliciting from the rather limited orchestra all the rich music that Verdi wrote into the opera.

For its second performance, the International Grand Opera Company presented Donizetti's well-known "Lucia di Lammermoor," Tuesday evening, to a "top-heavy" house. The galleries again were well filled and the applause that came from them was hearty and spontaneous. Mme. Norelli, as Lucia, gave additional evidence of the superior talent this company is presenting. She has a brilliant soprano voice of fine range. It has a rich resonance and flexibility that made the florid music of this opera a rare delight; her singing of the mad music was flawless, and gained an enthusiastic encore. Mlle. Williams, in the small part of "Alice," discovered a fresh young voice of great sweetness; her further appearance will be watched with pleasure. The Edgardo of Bari was adequate; he is the typical Italian tenor. Signor Zara, as Henry Ashton, was a better support for Mme. Norelli than the tenor; his voice is rich and true. The duet, "O'er Thy Brother Death's Impending," was a brilliant and finished piece of work. Guillani, in the double role of Sir Arthur and Norman, proved himself a capable singer. The acting was intelligent on the part of the entire cast, the chorus good, and the orchestra accompanied and did not drown the singers. It is to be hoped that the boxes and lower floor will be better filled, as this excellent company proves itself a well-balanced and brilliant collection of singers, not a second-rate aggregation of worn-out ones.

While the production of "Faust," Wednesday afternoon, lacked smoothness and finish, and the scenic effects which usually add to the sinister appearance of Mephistopheles were con-

spicuous by their absence, on the whole, the performance was a creditable one. Mme. Therry, who was billed to appear as Margharita, was replaced by Madame Norelli, comely enough to lend credence to Faust's desire, and who sang her part with a fervor and an appreciation of its dramatic value that did her great credit, considering she was called upon to fill the role at an hour's notice. As Mephistopheles, Gravina appropriated the laurels of the production, so far as acting was concerned. Bari, who essayed Faust, sang prettily rather than strongly, except in the stirring finale. That clever American, Miss Strauss, was a witching Siebel, lending a gracious charm to the part, both in acting and in singing.

Fourth in the list of operatic presentations this week was Bizet's, ever-popular "Carmen," with Mme. R. Duce-Merola in the title role. Her voice has not the volume of a Calve, but it is as true and pleasing, with gratifying firmness and fullness in the upper notes. She is a mischievous rather than a lascivious Carmen, and her acting was in keeping with that interpretation. As Don Jose, Colombini imparted a naturalness to the character that marks his rendition ahead of that of any other ever seen in Los Angeles. He has strong dramatic qualities, a fine sense of humor and a tenor voice of great compass, marred only by an inclination to stridency at times. In place of Mme. Bertossi, who was cast for Michaela, Mlle. Donner essayed the role. She has a sweet, sympathetic voice of good range, and her modest deportment and pretty face won her many friends. The Escamillo of Arcangeli was of robust quality. His singing of the Toreador song was satisfying, the final ensemble work arousing the audience to thunderous approval. In this connection let it be said that the ensemble singing of the company is at all times good, splendid in attack and evincing faithful drill. The card duo of Frasquita and Mercedes was well sung and the other parts were in adequate hands. Altogether, it was a notable performance.

S. T. C.

"The Warrens of Virginia"

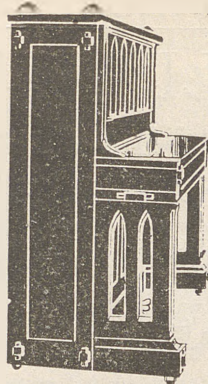
So many dramas of the Civil War have been written—many of them so poorly constructed that they re-opened an old wound and aroused bitter feelings—that mention of a new one is likely to be greeted with a sigh of toleration, or even apathetic contempt. But in "The Warrens of Virginia," which the Belasco company is so ably presenting this week, the subject has been so delicately treated that it could not arouse the enmity of the fieriest Southerner—rather it would soften the harsh memories of the old days. It is a play without a villain. There is no Southern scoundrel, as most war-time playwrights depict, but a clean, stirring drama of love and war. A better production than that offered by the Belasco company would be hard to imagine. After an all-night rehearsal Sunday night and all-day rehearsal Monday, the members played Monday night as though they were fresh from a long vacation, and as a result the audience "rose to them" and appreciated their efforts with a vigor that must have been gratifying to the wearied performers. David Hartford has the big part of the play, and he makes it a big character. Now and then he allows himself to bluster rather flamboyantly, with too little suggestion of the reserved strength that a general and director of soldiers would have, but in the main he gives a well-sustained, brilliant interpretation of a difficult role. As the winsome Agatha Warren, Helen Holmes does as pretty a bit of work as the Belasco stage has had the good fortune to offer. Her southern accent is liquid softness, she is naively delicious in the love scenes, and with the exception of her shrill cry at the climax of the third act, her entire performance is thoroughly artistic. The third act is difficult. Agatha's lines being a mixture of tragedy and girlish comedy, and unless well handled might become farcical. But Miss Holmes carries the burden with undeniable grace, and when she learns to tone down her plea to her lover to "open the door," she will have an excellent delineation to her credit. Richard Bennett sustains the high standard he has set with a clean-cut, forceful delineation of the northern soldier,

who is impelled to use his sweetheart to further his ends. He makes a manly officer, and enacts his love scenes in a winning way that imparts charm to the situations. It is gratifying to see Charles Giblyn getting a chance to show his qualities as an actor, and he makes the most of his part this week. Adele Farrington as Sappho, the negro mammy, is a treat, and Peter Clancy and Beatrice Noyes make a cunning pair of rebels. There are so many admirable characterizations that it is difficult to give mention where mention is due. Suffice it, that a better balanced production, with better scenic environment seldom has been seen in Los Angeles.

Entertaining Bill at Orpheum

Obviously stolen though it is from "The Schoolboys and Girls," nevertheless, George Hillman and his Redpath Napanees offer the best turn of its kind seen on the Orpheum circuit. There is nothing novel about it, but the songs are well given, the comedy is harmlessly funny and George Hillman makes a laughable German schoolmaster. Harry Armstrong and Billy Clark, who have composed more than one of the most popular songs of the day, return in their familiar absurdity, "Finding a Partner." Mr. Armstrong "tickles" the piano with undoubted ability, but Billy Clark simply captures the house with his "I Love My Wife, But Oh, You Kid." He sings it in ragtime, in dog-latin and in English—or near-English—and puts into it an amount of expression that takes his audiences by storm. There are two gymnastic turns among the new acts, both of them equally marvelous for their dexterity and skill. Herr Londe, assisted by the strength of Fraulein Tilly, does wonderful work on a ladder, and the Three Sisters Athletas prove themselves gymnasts of extraordinary ability and strength. The hold-overs are Ollie Young and his Three Brothers, the Madcaps, the Singing Colleens, and Master Laddie Cliff, who continues to walk away with the honors of the bill.

Second Week of Grand Opera
Monday evening will begin the second and final week's engagement of the



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International Grand Opera Company, which has scored a pronounced success at the Mason. Four new operas will be presented, including Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," which was originally produced in this country within a month by this organization. The repertoire for the week will be: Monday evening, "Fedora," in which Mme. Therry, Mlle. Donner and Signors Colombini and Gravina will be heard. Tuesday evening, Gounod's "Faust," with Samoiloff in the title role and Mme. Duce-Merola as "Margherita" will be the attraction. Wednesday matinee "Il Trovatore" will be the bill, and Wednesday evening "L'Amico Fritz" will be given, with Signor Colombini as "Fritz," Mme. Bertossi as "Suzel," and Arcangeli as "David." Thursday evening, "La Traviata" will be the offering, and Friday night "Otello" will be heard for the first time at the Mason Opera House, with Signor Samoiloff in the title role—his favorite part. At the Saturday matinee "Fedora" will be repeated. The engagement will close Saturday night with a composite bill, presenting the entire triple cast of principals in the following operas: "Lucia," intro-

sands of friends and admirers. The following week Byron Beasley will take his place as leading man of the company. With him will appear Mace Greenleaf, who has been engaged to play a series of important roles with the Morosco forces.

So great has been the success of the Belasco company's first week of "The Warrens of Virginia" that the company, with the special permission of Mr. David Belasco, will continue the play another week. In the hands of the Belasco company this play has become one of the best war-time dramas seen in Los Angeles. Helen Holmes will repeat her charming picture of Agatha Warren, and David M. Hartford will continue his study of General "Buck" Warren. This next will be the final week of the play, owing not only to the fact that Mr. Belasco has decided to put the play on the road again, but also because the Belasco company have contracted to produce a number of other plays at an early date. Next week will be produced Annie Russell's success, "A Royal Family."

Grand opera in vaudeville sounds rather unusual, but in "The Patriot,"



HELENE THERRY ONE OF THE PRIMA DONNE AT THE MASON

ducing the grand sextette and the mad scene, with Mme. Norelli, Mlle. Williams and Mm. Bari, Zara, Oteri and Giuffani. The second act of "Il Trovatore," with Mlle. Strauss, Samoiloff and chorus; and concluding with the entire opera of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mme. Duce-Merola, Mlles. Zarad and Kaplan and Mm. Bari and Zara.

Offerings Next Week

Otis Skinner's play triumph, "The Honor of the Family," will be presented at the Burbank for the week beginning with a matinee performance Sunday, and including the usual Saturday matinee. The play is a dramatization by Paul M. Potter of incidents found in Balzac's novel, "Menage de Garcon." Its central figure, Philippe Bridau, is a man of domineering manners and overbearing demeanor, but a likeable rascal for all that. Philippe Bridau will be William Desmond's farewell role at the Burbank. Saturday night, August 14, Mr. Desmond retires from the Burbank company with which he has been connected ever since the organization was formed. His leaving will be a matter for regret to thou-

which heads the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, August 9, Helena Frederick presents a veritable miniature grand opera. It runs only thirty minutes, but is said to be dramatically tragic, treating of an incident of the Revolution, when the daughter of a Tory gives up her life to save George Washington. Another notable offering of the new bill is Charlotte Parry and a "company" of one man, who present "The Comstock Mystery," wherein the unraveling of a murder plot requires the presence on the stage in rapid succession of an entire household. In the course of the play, Miss Parry assumes seven different characters, ranging from a child to an old hag. The three Leightons are not unknown here, and doubtless their "One-Night Stand in Minstrelsy" will be welcome. Selma Braatz, the juggler, will introduce clever new feats. Holding over are the Three Athletas Sisters, the Redpath Napanees, Armstrong & Clark, and Londe & Tilly.

"The Climax," one of the big hits of the theatrical year in New York, is

(Continued on page 15)

Mason Opera House

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THE INTERNATIONAL GRAND OPERA COMPANY

IN THE FOLLOWING REPERTOIRE:

Monday night, August 9 "Fedora"
Tuesday night, August 10 "Faust"
Wednesday matinee, August 11 "Il Trovatore"
Wednesday night, August 11 "L'Amico Fritz"
Thursday night, August 12 "La Traviata"
Friday night, August 13 "Otello"
Saturday matinee, August 14 "Fedora"
Saturday night, August 14 Grand Composite Bill
presenting entire company of principals—Samoiloff, Therry, Bertossi, Norelli, Bari, Colombini, Zara, Duce-Merola, Donner, etc. Commencing with Act II of "Lucia," introducing the grand sextette and mad scene. Followed by Acts II of "Il Trovatore" and concluded with "Cavalleria Rusticana" as a grand finale and farewell to Los Angeles.

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Charlotte Parry,
in "The Comstock Mystery."

The Three Leightons,
"One Night Stand in
Minstrelsy."

Three Sisters Athletas,
European Athletic Act.
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Today

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George Hillman and Redpath's
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Harry Armstrong and Billy
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STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE

With prices firm and the volume of trading more than ordinarily brisk for midsummer, the security markets continue as satisfactory as could be expected. The week has been all that could be desired.

Contrary to expectations, there has not been a sale of First National Bank since the last report, although the stock has been quoted at 490 bid for several days, an increase of about 15 points for the week. It had been predicted that at 475 several blocks might come out, and now that the shares are in the neighborhood of 500, it begins to look as if about all of the floating supply of stock has been exhausted. The present price of First National is by far the highest ever reached by a bank security in this city, and there are not many similar issues anywhere in the largest cities of the United States that can duplicate this record.

With First National at the half thousand dollar a share mark, Citizens National should be about the best thing in the local bank list for an early and substantial advance. The new stock has been selling this week at 180, and at that figure several hundred shares might be marketed at any time, were the stock obtainable at such a price. Citizens and Central National are both headed for 200, and a purchase of either by investors should bring a substantial profit in the near future.

In the public utility list there has been no change of importance since the last report. Home Telephone of Los Angeles maintains a firmness that was not altogether expected, with the stock selling ex-dividend. The proposal for a public service commission undoubtedly has stiffened the market wonderfully. Home bonds continue weak, with the L. A. first refunding 5s being offered at about 81½, and even at that figure, with a sale of more than five bonds in the open, the price probably would continue to drop.

In the oil list the Unions are strong, with the recently floated Producers Pipe Line securities, not yet listed, selling at a premium of about forty per cent, and few offered. There never was a more successful flotation in this field than the stocks and bonds of this Union backed enterprise.

Money continues plentiful at 5½ @ 6 per cent.

There is pretty certain to be something of a boom in the best known of the mining shares of this market, as soon as the Goldfield contingent of brokers becomes securely seated in the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, in about a week. The former Los Angeles-Nevada exchange, now a thing of the past, will not be seriously missed.

Banks and Banking

Local bankers this week welcomed Alden Anderson, superintendent of banking, and in his honor a luncheon was given at the California Club by the Farmers and Merchants Bank and the Southern Trust Company. These two institutions were represented by Messrs. T. E. Newlin and Hugh F. Stewart. The new banking act was informally discussed after the luncheon. Mr. Anderson stated that its provisions are proving no hardship to the better class of sound institutions and that all the good bankers seem to feel that it adds to their status and prestige to have the closest inspection and examination. When asked as to whom he would appoint as bank examiner for the district of Los Angeles, Mr. Anderson stated that John W. Wilson had been suggested by the clearing house association and was an admirable man for the position if it was found that the duties of his present position would not interfere with his efficiency in the work.

Bank clearings for the week place Sacramento in the lead as having the largest percentage of increase. Sacramento's clearings of \$1,062,447 show a gain of 62.8 per cent. Los Angeles is second with clearings of \$14,353,508, and a gain of 59.1 per cent. Oakland third with \$2,038,508, a gain of 51.8. Stockton with \$742,234 has an increase of 42.7 per cent. San Diego with \$1,087,253 has a gain of 38 per cent. San

Francisco with \$36,928,785 shows a gain of 10 per cent. San Jose with \$402,823 scores a gain of 8.33 per cent, and Fresno with \$427,712 has a loss of 4 per cent.

Petition has been made by the Los Angeles Trust Company for a change of its name to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank Company. The company was incorporated January 15, 1902, and since July 1, 1909, has had a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000.

Savings Bank Insurance Policies

With the first anniversary of the opening of the insurance department of the Whitman Savings Bank, the first institution to take advantage of the savings bank insurance act passed by the Massachusetts legislature a year ago last November, the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League reports gratifying progress in several respects. There are now about 2,000 persons holding policies under the act. Competition has been stimulated among insurance companies doing an industrial business, and in some instances rates have been reduced. Both manufacturers and labor organizations have displayed a disposition to make the plan of savings bank insurance successful. A general policy in the direction of thrift incentives has been fostered, directly and indirectly, by the savings insurance campaign; one example of this being the passage by the legislature this year of the credit union act, permitting the incorporation of small co-operative banking associations of a kind already to be found in some parts of Europe.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Now that there is again but a single stock exchange in the city, the older and surviving board probably will not permit the so-called Goldfield contingent so to manipulate conditions that local securities best known in this market are forced out of the trading in preference to the mining shares. The Los Angeles Stock Exchange has survived for a dozen years all of its ordeals, not because of the mining share market, but rather in spite of it. Where there is one owner of such stocks here, there are ten, at least, who are more interested in the bank stocks, the industrials, and the best of the local bonds. Of course, the mining shares should have their time in court, in the daily calls, but other securities should not be neglected. In fact, the latter perhaps should continue to have a slight preference at all times with brokers, as they undoubtedly have with a large majority of the Los Angeles investing public.

Stockholders of the Borden's Condensed Milk Company, several of whom live in Los Angeles, at a special meeting have approved the proposition to increase the common stock of the company by \$5,000,000, bringing the total authorized outstanding common stock up to \$22,000,000. Part of the new stock will be offered at once to stockholders at par and the remainder will be held in reserve and issued at the discretion of the directors.

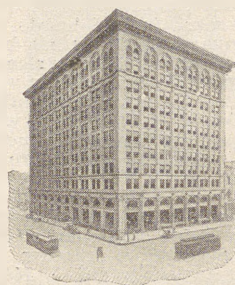
Election for a bond issue of \$245,000, to acquire municipal water frontage on inner harbor and contract docks and wharves, will be held at Long Beach, September 3.

Voracious Demands For New Capital

Discussing the world's demand upon capital, the London Economist notes that the change from dear to cheap money has produced voracious demands for new capital, and wherever statistics are kept, fresh records of capital applicants have been reported. In England the issues of the last six months amounted to more than £121,000,000; in Germany the nominal value was £109,000,000—£50,000,000 of which was in government debt; while in the United States the half year's securities of all kinds reached the enormous total of £172,359,000, though part of this was duplicated by simultaneous issue on both sides of the Atlantic. The American securities were far different in character from the English and the German, for as much as 60 per cent of the total was taken either in bonds or in stock by railroads for the extension of their lines and the general development of their property. Altogether, American railroad managers raised in the six months \$445,000,000 in bonds, \$22,604,000 in notes and \$49,000,000 in stocks—total, \$516,736,000, or £103,347,000.

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At the Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 13)

promised as an attraction at the Mason Opera House this season. According to reports from metropolitan critics, the play proved to be the real dramatic surprise of the season. It is by Edward Locke, with incidental music from the pen of Joseph Carl Breill, and has been greeted as a work of art.

"The Greater Claim" at the Burbank

In "The Greater Claim," by a local playwright, Linton Tedford, seen at the Burbank this week for the first time on any stage, there are several strong situations which give dramatic values to the piece, but the dialogue is stilted and of conventional import, tending at times to turgidity of expression in the melodramatic stages of the play's development. There is hardly a scintillant life-line for the kindly-disposed critic to seize; stock-worn expressions and anticipated phrases mark the course of the drama throughout, while the lapses from good diction at times are painful. Of course, Mr. Tedford is not responsible for Mr. Duffield's pronunciation of despicable, which, in the character of Frederick Bradley, he renders des-pick-able, but for such a gaucherie as everybody "are" and other unpardonable liberties taken with the parts of speech, noticeable repeatedly, he must be chided. Mr. Tedford has conceived a few dramatic situations which, if skillfully aided by sparkling dialogue, and literary workmanship, would give a most gratifying net result. As it is, the literary quality is nil, and the sparkle noticeable only by its absence. Dull mediocrity, alas, is the net result.

Briefly, the interest centers in the action of a young divine who attempts to introduce moral reforms in the city of his spiritual benefice. The protagonist of evil is a millionaire member of his own church, whose immoralities he denounces from the pulpit. He visits a dance hall and is shocked by the Salomy poses and diaphanous garments of the performer, against whose lascivious poses he fulminates. Jasper Stone, the millionaire hypocrite, swears vengeance. He learns that his ministerial young critic had an affair in Paris, before taking orders, which was discreditable. The Salomy dancer proves to be the girl in the case. As she was veiled in the dance, the Rev. Cuyler Armstrong failed to recognize her. With this lever, Stone endeavors to pry out the preacher, but the girl still loves Armstrong and in the end he expiates his early wrong by marrying her, his bishop, after receiving a wagging at the ready tongue of the danseuse, adding his blessing.

It is melodrama with many false situations. That a girl could be good and virtuous, whose suggestive dancing had been denounced by the minister as highly indecent and detrimental to the morals of the youth and adults alike, requires much faith on the part of the audience to believe. She says she can support her parents better by this display—it is the only thing left to her since her lover turned her out on the streets of Paris at midnight. Tommy-

rot!

William Desmond is the fetching young curate. He flaunts his religion a bit ostentatiously, but in the main gives a convincing picture of the earnest reformer. Hobart Bosworth's creation of Col. Jasper J. Stone is one of the best bits of character work he has essayed here. It is a pity that so able an actor is compelled to utter such banalities as the playwright puts into his mouth. They must make him shudder internally. Harry Mestayer's Harold Stone introduces that young selen in a state of intoxication, which shocks his friend, Armstrong, and entertains the audience. Mr. Mestayer also spouts dreary platitudes, when he thinks his friend has betrayed him by stealing his girl. Miss Blanche Hall is the dancer, Dolly Fitzgerald of the Bion. She is first seen in an amazingly unbecoming costume, for which she atones later, but the early impression remains to handicap her efforts. She is perhaps not to blame if her Dolly is unconvincing and devoid of charm. There is not a winsome expression in her lines, and with constant reminders of her lover's ill treatment, it is a

lugubrious picture she presents in the main. How could she be light and alluring under such an impost?

William Yerance looked the bishop, but his precise tones seem to know no shading; shut your eyes and it is always the same Yerance under the make-up. This is a pity, for a more conscientious actor does not tread the boards. Willis Marks seems to have a paucity of ideas in playing Baxter, the servant. It is identically the same presentation seen half a dozen times before. Perhaps he farms out his services. Henry Stockbridge made a good fool, but his lines, supplied by the author, are too prolix for a zany. Margo Duffet has a caricature part of a "society editor" to portray. She does it well, but no sane managing editor ever employed so ridiculous a creature on his staff.

Mr. Morosco has done his part conscientiously. The settings are handsome, the decorations in excellent taste, and the full strength of the capable company lent to do justice to the play. But it won't do. It must be rewritten and materially altered if it is to win approval that shall mean anything. S. T. C.

"Il Trovatore" at the Mason

Thursday night was antiquarian night at the opera, "Il Trovatore" being offered. It was noticeable that the audience was of modest dimensions, possibly to prove that the public is being educated to enjoy a better class of music. But the thread-bare tunes of the early Verdi had their meed of applause in their conventional situations. The most notable work of the evening was that of Miss Strauss, a Pennsylvania girl still in her twenties. Her tone production and her dramatic conception of the role were equally enjoyable, and in both respects she presented a delightful contrast to Zara's Count de Luna. Mme. Therry sang her role of Leonora in French and pleased by her excellent vocalization; Samoil-off's baritone and Giuliani's bass were in the same category. As the male chorus was ragged at times, the production was one in which feminine excellencies were predominant. In spite of the good work of Mme. Therry and Miss Strauss, the performance was the least interesting one of the week, possibly owing in no small part to the musical weakness of the opera as well as to the prize-fighting tones of the tenor.

Art Exhibit at Del Monte

Members of the committee in charge of the art gallery at Del Monte will hold their regular meeting Saturday, August 14, to judge the pictures submitted and to allot their places on the walls. The committee is made up of William Keith, chairman; Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Miss Evelyn McCormick, Gottardo F. Piazzoni, Miss Emily Travis and Will Sparks, with James King Steele as secretary. Mr. Keith, who is represented by three characteristic pictures, plans to submit a fourth. The committee intends to carry the selective process further than before, and to remove about a score of canvases from the walls, with the view of rendering the exhibition even more fully representative of the best art of California.

Unique Collection of Jewelry

Mrs. Herman J. Hall, curator at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, has brought to Los Angeles the unique collection of Signor Edgar Perera, and put it on exhibition at Blanchard Hall. Signor Perera's array of jewelry, especially his collection of authentic scarabs, amulets and talismans, collected after many years in Egypt, is said to be well worth seeing. Mrs. Hall will lecture Friday, August 13 and 20, at 4 p.m., on the relation of jewelry to its wearer, a subject that opens wide possibilities. The exhibit lasts only from August 5 to August 20, and is open from 10 to 6 o'clock daily.

Southern Pacific's Good Work Abroad Californians "doing" or visiting London will be highly gratified by a visit at the Earls Court Exhibition, where the Southern Pacific Company has installed J. W. Erwin, the lecturer, in charge of an exhibit exploiting attractions of the west and particularly of California. Bromide enlargements of scenic points in the state are on view, and stereopticon lectures, plentifully illustrated, are delivered by Mr. Erwin.

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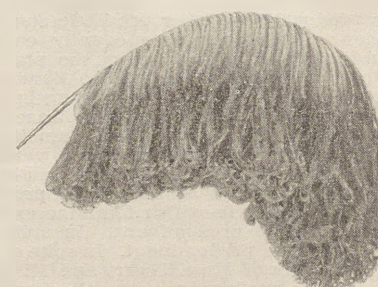
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